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NEW PATHS



NEW PATHS

VERSE · PROSE · PICTURES

1917—1918

Edited by
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Decorated by
ANNE ESTELLE RICE



LONDON
C. W. BEAUMONT
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ANNOUNCED TO ME

PERIODICALS

1918-1919

DEDICATED
TO THE MEMORY OF

RUPERT BROOKE
GAUDIER BRZESKA
GERARD CHOWNE
DIXON SCOTT
A. NOEL SIMMONS
C. H. SORLEY
EDWARD THOMAS
PELHAM WEBB

and to all those gallant gentlemen who, but for
having died in the service of their country,
would have been pioneers along
the new paths of literature
and art



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FRONTISPIECE DESIGNED AND CUT
ON WOOD By EDGARD TIJTGAT

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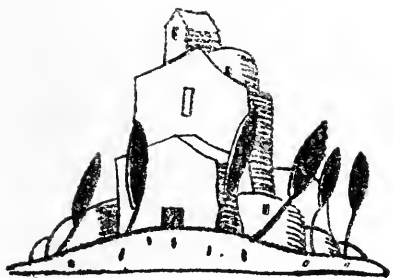


ERRATA

p. 11, paragraph 3. "SOME IMAGIST POETS" etc., should read :

| | |
|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| DES IMAGISTES | (Poetry Bookshop, 1914) |
| SOME IMAGIST POETS, 1916 | (Constable, 1917) |
| SOME IMAGIST POETS, 1917 | (Constable, 1918) |

p. 89, paragraph 1. E. M. FORSTER'S novel *Where Angels Fear To Tread* is published by "Blackwood" and not by "Arnold"



V E R S E

SOME TENDENCIES IN
CONTEMPORARY POETRY
By FRANCIS BICKLEY

BUT for occasional and negligible echoes, the poetic movement of the 'nineties, the decadent movement, as we call it for convenience, has long been over ; its poets are dead or have come to see life in fresh, less crepuscular lights ; and such characteristic work of the school as is still worth reading would go into a very slender volume. Nevertheless, these poets had their virtue ; they sang some songs whose melody still haunts us ; and they rendered one positive service to literature : if their mode of writing was rather too self-conscious and rather anæmic in its simplicity, it was a necessary and effective protest against the floridity of the romantic decline. But the few small fields which, among all those in healthier epochs considered fruitful for the artist, they deigned to cultivate, were soon worked to barrenness ; and there followed a silence broken only by the antiphonal trumpeting, strenuous rather than melodious, of Kipling and Watson, and the undertones, too little regarded, of a few such sincere and admirable poets as Sturge Moore and Laurence Binyon.

Then came the " Georgian " renaissance, and English poetry quickened with sudden, or seeming sudden, new life, which stirred not only in men themselves new to literature but in others who had served their 'prenticeship, with more or less of promise, during the lean years.

This new poetry is, in one of its many aspects, a reaction against the decadents ; a reaction not of optimism against pessimism but of catholicism against eclecticism. While the decadents were undeniably pessimists, the writers of the present generation are not necessarily, or usually, optimists. They accept the whole of life, but they are not victims of the illusion that it has an essential tendency to improve. They are realists.

Their attitude towards the most common theme of poetry is worth considering in this connection. The decadents were pessimistic amorists.

Some Tendencies in Contemporary Poetry

They knew that love was a fleeting thing—that, indeed, was one of their articles of faith—but at any rate it was a narcotic, giving them a little respite from the life they hated and feared. The scorn of the Georgians is directed less against their pessimism than against their amorism. They do not, of course, reject love, either as a fact of life or as a subject for song. But they refuse to be obsessed by it. Being realists, they are anxious to see it in due proportion to the rest of life. They agree with Keats that

“ Too many tears for lovers have been shed,”

but their reason for that opinion is different from Keats's : life has so many sides that it is foolish to spend much time lamenting the shadows that fall on one of them. And they are desperately anxious for honesty in a matter where honesty is notoriously difficult. Rupert Brooke sometimes gave way to mere pettishness on the subject, especially in the famous *Peace* sonnet, but his passionately scrupulous recantation—

“ I said I splendidly loved you. It's not true—”

is very typical of his own point of view and that of many of his contemporaries. Sincerity is the graal of the modern quest : to be a poet is to be frank even unto brutality.

“ Life has been a cliché
all these years [says Earp],
I would find a gesture of my own.”

There is some danger in this attitude, gallant as it is. There can be no abiding art without sincerity, but the unbridled expression of individuality, without due regard for the importance of the individuality expressed, has its nemesis. It would be extravagant to say that no idea is fit to be transmuted into art until it has become a platitude, but it is probably true that men will always be more interested to hear that “ dust has closed Helen's eyes,” though they have been told so a thousand times before, than to learn that a certain poet, however gifted, was fond of blue and white china and preferred crust to crumb. There is no inherent virtue in novelty : the reason that a thing has never been said may be that it is not worth saying. In avoiding the trite it is easy to run into the trivial ; nor is rebellion for its own sake ever worth while. It is not art, though it may be a relief from the discomfort of growing, to construct a lath-and-plaster world and knock it to pieces again, or to set up a dummy deity, in the manner of James Stephens, as a target for cockshies.

Some Tendencies in Contemporary Poetry

Fortunately, however, the genuine catholicism of many of our poets, their desire to transcend the merely personal vision, saves them from excessive individualism or indiscriminate revolt. Probably the nearest thing to a common factor which we shall find among the varieties of modern verse is an impatience of barriers, a determination to be kept out of no province of the universe. This mood has many sorts of manifestation. There are the mystics, for instance, seeking the ultimate freedom beyond the prison walls of matter : Evelyn Underhill, a genuine poet as well as a scholar of mysticism, and Chesterton, the complete reincarnation of the *jongleur de Notre Dame*. More significant of the time, however, is the attitude of Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, who, starting as the most aristocratic of "unacknowledged legislators," suddenly changed his politics and decreed an universal poetic franchise. A similar impulse produced *The Everlasting Mercy* and *The Song of The Plow*, and a logical extension of it may be seen in Ralph Hodgson's passionate sympathy with all living creatures and in Harold Monro's quaint humour of endowing things which the less imaginative deem lifeless with sentience and reason. Not to specialise or exclude, but to accept life as it comes and to discover the whole significance of its every aspect, is the determination of these poets ; and to the same receptivity is due the magic insight of Walter de la Mare and Rose Macaulay, before whose visionary eyes

" The walls that ring this world about
Quiver like gossamer,"

and the hyper-sensitiveness to fine shades, whether in nature or the works of man, displayed by John Freeman, W. J. Turner and "Edward Eastaway."

All these writers, infinitely though they differ in method and mentality, are at one in overstepping prescribed boundaries and in rejecting traditional definitions. As a consequence, poetry has become more human than it has been for many years—not least so when it is mystical or magical ; one symptom thereof being the return of humour, which was deliberately banished by the pre-Raphaelites and utterly alien to the temper of the decadents. Humour is everywhere in modern poetry—though, thank God, our poets are rarely humourists—satirical in Stephens, sometimes impatient, sometimes genial in Brooke, tender and whimsical in Hodgson, supercilious in Pound, who is also a wit, a *gamin* Catullus.

Some Tendencies in Contemporary Poetry

A curious phenomenon, not easy to place, is Ezra Pound ; but he is a poet as certainly as he is a *poseur*. One may compare him to a magpie, hopping hither and thither, from China to Provence, picking up bright scraps everywhere and chattering about them impertinently all the time ; but one must admit that, eluding the analogy, he has a sense of beauty which transcends while it directs his taste in bric-à-brac, gives an undeniable charm even to some of his most irritating work, and is really deeper than that of most of his contemporaries.

To attempt a comparative valuation of those contemporaries would be foolish. No doubt time will deal drastically with some who interest us just because they are so particularly of their day. But that abiding work has been done within the last half dozen years or so can hardly be doubted. Brooke and Flecker each wrote at least three or four wholly satisfying pieces before their untimely deaths, and the list of great English poems, must surely have room for *Emblems of Love*, which, written from the heart of a romantic and by the hand and brain of a realist, is a notable exception to what has been said both about love and about optimism. Abercrombie's weakness is Donne's, an excessive intellectualism, which makes us respect his work rather than love it ; as we love those glimpses through magic casements vouchsafed us by the rich creative imagination, in alliance with a triumphant mastery of means, from which spring the art of Ralph Hodgson or by the even less definable wizardry, the sometimes uncanny, sometimes charming, always seductive power of suggestion, which possesses Walter de la Mare. We may not love but we cannot but be thrilled by the creative psycho-pathology of D. H. Lawrence, who, from among the wild undergrowths of nerve and sense, has plucked a garland of such strange blossoms, setting among them at least one flawless flower, the lyric called *Mystery*.

“ Now I am all
One bowl of kisses,
Such as the tall
Slim votaresses
Of Egypt filled
For a God's excesses”

The first reading of *Mystery* is an experience as delightful and as new as the first reading of *Eve*, *The Listeners*, or *The Lily of Mahud*.

There are critics who have sweepingly condemned the present

Some Tendencies in Contemporary Poetry

generation of poets for technical carelessness. The charge is not often supported by precise evidence, nor could such evidence be found in sufficient quantity or of adequate quality to establish it. Masfield's, indeed, is the only contemporary poetry of note the actual value of which indubitably falls short of the potential by reason of the poet's defective technique; and many exceptions to this stricture are to be found in his earlier work and some, such as *The River* and *August*, in his later. Lawrence is guilty of cacophonies excruciating to delicate ears: but could he have got his effects of turbulent emotional discord by any other means? There are poets who cultivate a certain crudity, or naïveté, of expression; but this, if regrettable, cannot, since it is deliberate, be accounted evidence of incompetence. What tends to mislead adherents to the older poetic values is that truth is a more fashionable goal than beauty.

It is an age of experiment, and not all the experiments are successful. Our poets are bold and sometimes foolhardy. They are given to *vers libre*, for instance, which is very perilous ground. The *vers-libriste* sets himself the difficult task of finding a form exactly to fit his thought unconditioned by any rule imposed from outside. Shunning the warping from absolute exactitude which is invited by metre and rhyme—and thus illustrating once more the revolt against prescription—he is very apt to fall into flatness or eccentricity; but neither of these faults is inherent in the form, and their opposite virtues, brightness and rightness, are to be found in the best work of the imagists: Aldington, Flint, Fletcher and H. D. Blank verse, as it has been developed by the dramatists, Abercrombie, Bottomley and Drinkwater, to express the subtleties of a realistic psychology, has become almost a variety of *vers libre*; and if, judged by the only valid test, the test of the ear, it sometimes fails, it is on the whole extraordinarily effective for its purpose. *Deborah*, *King Lear's Wife* and *The Storm* are nearer akin to the "fully flavoured" and rhythmical prose plays of Synge than to the poetic drama of Tennyson, Swinburne or Yeats; and the approximation is helped by the substitution of a rich and concentrated vernacular language for the "poetic diction" of the romantics or the low-toned refinements of the decadents. Indeed, modern poetry, both dramatic and non-dramatic, shows at its best a combination of humanity and intensity for a parallel to which one has to go back three hundred years. It is significant that Donne has lately come to be regarded as one of the great poets.

Some Tendencies in Contemporary Poetry

Modern poetry is for the most part too impatient of tradition to show traces of definite literary influences ; especially has it little reverence for the recent past ; but while there is not one of the dead Victorians whose reputation is as high as it was in his lifetime, there are two survivors from that age who are appreciated now as they have never been before, and the difference between these two, between the delicate silver of Bridges and the grim, if not grotesque, iron of Hardy, may be taken as the measure of the catholicity of our generation.

With regard to other, non-literary influences, though there is a general *rapproch* between the art and the social atmosphere of the time—for instance, a main democratic current with aristocratic reactions,—any attempt at detailed comparison would soon lead to strained analogies. As for the effects of the war, it is too early to try to gauge them ; for we are less confident in generalisation and prophecy than we were three years ago. A few good poems have been written by the older, non-combatant writers ; by Hardy, the bleak rhythm of whose *Men Who March Away* recalls one of Nevinson's drawings of marching soldiers ; by Masfield, whose *August* is a thing of haunting beauty in its passionate pity ; by Binyon, who needed a great theme to reveal his true dignity and distinction. Of the men who have gone into battle, some, like Rupert Brooke, have welcomed the large experience as a release from individual perplexities, and in a few, like Julian Grenfell and Robert Nichols, the physical exaltation of combat has been transmuted into poetic exaltation. Perhaps the prevalent mood, however—the mood of Sassoon, of Sorley, of Harwood—has been one of revolt against the cant of a reach-me-down patriotism, a clear-eyed rejection of the stale sops of unctuous applause thrown to devoted youth by sentimental and immune middle-age. Everywhere, on the other hand, there are manifestations of an ardent, one can only call it mystical, love for the very soil of the “ green and pleasant land ” of England ; and from that love, which inspires not only the “ home thoughts from abroad ” of Brooke and Nichols but also the remote yet vivid English dreams of Wilfrid Childe, has sprung the most genuinely religious poetry now being written.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF SOME RECENT BOOKS OF VERSE

ABERCROMBIE, LASCELLES

Emblems of Love

(John Lane, 1912)

There can be little doubt that this sequence, which might be described as a philosophic epic, dramatic in form and often lyrical in quality, will ultimately be considered one of the outstanding literary creations of this time. The poet's two plays, *Deborah* (Lane, 1912) and *The End of the World* (in *Georgian Poetry*, 1913-1915) show a similar largeness of conception, and *The Sale of St. Thomas*, in *Georgian Poetry*, 1911-1912, is admirable on a smaller scale.

ALDINGTON, RICHARD

Images

(Poetry Book Shop, 1915)

BOTTOMLEY, GORDON

A collection of his plays, of which the best, *King Lear's Wife*, appeared in *Georgian Poetry*, 1913-1915, has been announced by Constable & Co. His non-dramatic work is contained in *Chambers of Imagery* (Elkin Mathews: First series, 1907; second series, 1912) and, more recently, in *An Annual of New Poetry* (see below).

BROOKE, RUPERT

Poems

(Sidgwick & Jackson, 1911)

1914 and Other Poems

(Sidgwick & Jackson, 1915)

CHILDE, WILFRID ROWLAND

The Escaped Princess and Other Poems

(B. H. Blackwell, 1916)

CORNFORD, FRANCES

Spring Morning

(Poetry Bookshop, 1915)

DAVIES, WILLIAM H.

Collected Poems

(A. C. Fifield, 1916)

Raptures

(Beaumont Press, 1918)

DE LA MARE, WALTER

The Listeners

(Constable & Co., 1912)

The Sunken Garden and Other Poems

(Beaumont Press, 1917)

He has also a new volume in preparation with Constable & Co.

DRINKWATER, JOHN

Poems: 1908-1914

(Sidgwick & Jackson, 1917)

Swords and Ploughshares

(Sidgwick & Jackson, 1915)

Olton Pools

(Sidgwick & Jackson, 1916)

Tides

(Beaumont Press and Sidgwick & Jackson, 1917)

Parvus: Plays

(Sidgwick & Jackson, 1917)

EARP, T. W.

Contacts and Other Poems

(B. H. Blackwell, 1916)

Bibliography of Some Recent Books of Verse

EASTAWAY, EDWARD (EDWARD THOMAS)

Poems

(Selwyn & Blunt, 1917)

Long known for a critic of distinction, it was only after his death that Thomas's delicate and individual poetic gift was revealed. A good selection of his poems is in the *Annual of New Poetry*.

ELIOT, T. S.

Prufrock

(Egoist, Ltd., 1917)

FABER, GEOFFREY

Interflow

(Constable & Co., 1915)

In the Valley of Vision

(B. H. Blackwell, 1918)

FLECKER, JAMES ELROY

Collected Poems

(Martin Secker, 1917)

FLETCHER, JOHN GOULD

Irradiations: Sand and Spray

(Constable & Co., 1915)

Goblins and Pagodas

(Constable & Co., 1917)

FLINT, F. S.

Cadences

(Poetry Bookshop, 1915)

FREEMAN, JOHN

Stone Trees and Other Poems

(Selwyn & Blount, 1916)

FROST, ROBERT

A Boy's Will

(David Nutt, 1913)

North of Boston

(David Nutt, 1914)

GIBSON, WILFRID WILSON

Daily Bread

(Elkin Mathews, 1913)

Battle

(Elkin Mathews, 1915)

Friends

(Elkin Mathews, 1916)

Livelihood

(Macmillan & Co., 1917)

Whin

(Macmillan & Co., 1918)

Only the more recent of Gibson's rapidly lengthening list of volumes are here noted.

GOLDRING, DOUGLAS

In the Town

(Selwyn & Blount, 1916)

On the Road

(Selwyn & Blount, 1916)

GRAVES, ROBERT

Fairies and Fusiliers

(W. Heinemann, 1917)

H. D.

Sea Garden

(Constable & Co., 1916)

Bibliography of Some Recent Books of Verse

- HODGSON, RALPH
Poems (Macmillan & Co., 1917)
- HUXLEY, ALDOUS
The Burning Wheel (B. H. Blackwell, 1916)
- KAYE-SMITH, SHEILA
Willow's Forge and Other Poems (Erskine Macdonald, 1914)
- LAWRENCE, D. H.
Amores (Duckworth & Co., 1916)
Look, We Have Come Through (Chatto & Windus, 1917)
- MACAULAY, ROSE
Two Blind Countries (Sidgwick & Jackson, 1914)
- MACLEOD, IRENE RUTHERFORD
Songs to Save a Soul (Chatto & Windus, 1915)
Swords for Life (Chatto & Windus, 1916)
- MASEFIELD, JOHN
Philip the King and Other Poems (W. Heinemann, 1914)
 He has never done anything better than certain poems in this volume.
Lollington Downs and Other Poems (W. Heinemann, 1917)
- MEREDITH, H. O.
Week Day Poems (Arnold, 1911)
- MONRO, HAROLD
Children of Love (Poetry Bookshop, 1914)
Strange Meetings (Poetry Bookshop, 1917)
- NICHOLS, ROBERT
Ardours and Endurances (Chatto & Windus, 1917)
- PLOWMAN, MAX
A Lap Full of Seed (B. H. Blackwell, 1917)
- POUND, EZRA
Lustra (Elkin Mathews, 1916)
 Less extreme developments of his always sufficiently individual talent are
 to be found in earlier books, notably *Exultations*, (Elkin Mathews, 1909)
- SASSOON, SIEGFRIED
The Old Huntsman (W. Heinemann, 1917)
- SHANKS, EDWARD
Songs (Poetry Bookshop, 1915)
Poems (Sidgwick & Jackson, 1916)

Bibliography of Some Recent Books of Verse

- SHEPHERD, R. A. ERIC
Pilgrimage (Longmans, Green & Co., 1916)
- SORLEY, CHARLES HAMILTON
Marlborough and Other Poems (Cambridge University Press, 1916)
- SQUIRE, J. C.
The Lily of Mahud (Martin Secker, 1917)
The same publisher announces a collected edition of Squire's poems.
- STEPHENS, JAMES
Songs from the Clay (Macmillan & Co., 1915)
- THOMAS, EDWARD (See EDWARD EASTAWAY)
- TURNER, W. J.
The Hunter and Other Poems (Sidgwick & Jackson, 1916)
- UNDERHILL, EVELYN
Theophanies (J. M. Dent & Sons, 1916)
- VINES, SHERARD
The Two Worlds (B. H. Blackwell, 1916)
- WEAVING, WILLOUGHBY
The Star Fields and Other Poems (B. H. Blackwell, 1916)
The Bubble and Other Poems (B. H. Blackwell, 1917)
- YOUNG, FRANCIS BRETT
Five Degrees South (Martin Secker, 1917)
- YOUNG, GEOFFREY
Freedom (Smith, Elder & Co., 1914)

Bibliography of Some Recent Books of Verse

ANTHOLOGIES

AN ANNUAL OF NEW POETRY: Gordon Bottomley, W. H. Davies, John Drinkwater, "Edward Eastaway," Robert Frost, W. W. Gibson, T. Sturge Moore, and R. C. Trevelyan. (Constable, 1917)

GEORGIAN POETRY: 1911-1912; 1913-1915; 1916-1917 (Poetry Bookshop)

SOME IMAGIST POETS: Richard Aldington, H. D., John Gould Fletcher, F. S. Flint, D. H. Lawrence, etc. (Poetry Bookshop, 1914)

OXFORD POETRY: 1910-1913; 1914-1916; 1917 (B. H. Blackwell)
W. R. Childe, Godfrey Elton, Philip Guedalla, E. H. W. Meyerstein, R. A. Eric Shepherd, Sherard Vines, R. A. Knox, T. W. Earp, Gerald H. Crow, M. T. H. Sadler, Cecil Harwood, Aldous Huxley, Robert Nichols, Robert Graves, etc.

CAMBRIDGE POETS: 1910-1913 (Heffer)
John Alford, Rupert Brooke, A. Y. Campbell, Frances Cornford, Aleister Crowley, J. E. Flecker, H. O. Meredith, Harold Monro, J. C. Squire, etc.

WHEELS: 1916 and 1917 (B. H. Blackwell)
Aldous Huxley, Edith, Osbert and Sacheverell Sitwell, Iris Tree, Sherard Vines, E. Wyndham Tennant, and others.

These two volumes, while each of the contributors has his or her individual outlook, represent collectively a definite movement in the direction of poetic realism.

CATHOLIC ANTHOLOGY: 1915 (Elkin Mathews, 1915)
T. S. Eliot, Douglas Goldring, Harold Monro, and Ezra Pound.

[Some of the Poems in *Georgian Poetry* and *Cambridge Poets*, and nearly all those in the other books, had not appeared previously in book form or, indeed, in print at all.]

THE MUSE IN ARMS: Edited by E. B. Osborn (John Murray, 1917)
The best collection of the work of soldier poets.



BIRDS

WHEN our two souls have left this mortal clay,
And, seeking mine, you think that mine is lost—
Look for me first in that Elysian glade
Where Lesbia is, for whom the birds sing most.

What happy hearts those feathered mortals have,
That sing so sweet when they're wet through in spring !
For in that month of May when leaves are young,
Birds dream of song, and in their sleep they sing.

And when the spring has gone and they are dumb,
Is it not fine to watch them at their play :
Is it not fine to see a bird that tries
To stand upon the end of every spray ?

See how they tilt their pretty heads aside :
When women make that move they always please.
What cosy homes birds make in leafy walls
That Nature's love has ruined—and the trees.

Oft have I seen in fields the little birds
Go in between a bullock's legs to eat,
But what gives me most joy is when I see
Snow on my doorstep, printed by their feet.

THAT DAY SHE SEIZED

THAT day she seized me like a bee,
To make me her weak blossom,
I felt her arms so strong that I
Lay helpless on her bosom.
But cunning I, by artful moves,
Soon had her in my power :
“ Ah, Molly, who’s the strong bee now—
And who’s the poor weak flower ! ”

That time she thought I was a fly,
And she a great big spider,
She held me fast, my breath was gone,
As I lay down beside her,
But cunning I, by artful moves,
Could laugh at last, and cry :
“ Ah, Molly, who’s the spider now—
And who’s the poor weak fly ! ”

NOAH'S ARK

Iwonder if from Noah's Ark
Ever was heard the bob-tail's bark,
If o'er the waters of the Flood
Our English ash-boughs spread in bud?
Why, yes! when Eve and Adam sate
Smiling within sweet Eden's gate,
And gave its birds, beasts, fishes names,
Ev'n then flowed clear our pleasant Thames;
And when these two in grief were driven
Beyond the shining bounds of heaven,
In this green isle that outcast morn
Brake into bloom our English thorn,
And in its boughs our nightingale
Did that long banishment bewail;
While we, asleep within its dust,
Hearkened as all poor humans must.

THE TRYST

“ **A**RE you very peaceful there, Thomas Nunn ? ”
“ O yes, for where I am laid
No deed of wickedness is done,
Nor cruel word is said.

“ I fall, I fall from dust to dust ;
But my spirit hovers near,
Obedient to God’s simple ‘ must,’
And unafraid of fear.

“ I fall, I fall : quiet is my tongue ;
Darkened my eyes ; but O,
My spirit haunts these stones among,
And will not let me go.

“ It whispers—whispers, ‘ Come, Thomas Nunn ! ’
But dust am I, and say,
‘ Wait on, thou Spirit, we must wait on,
Until the Judgement day.

“ ‘ Then He who me from thee did break,
And gave me peace to sleep,
Will bid thee stoop, and I shall wake,
My tryst with thee to keep.’ ”

SOUTHAMPTON BELLS

I

LONG ago some builder thrust
Heavenward in Southampton town
His spire and beamed his bells,
Largely conceiving from the dust
That pinnacle for ringing down
Orisons and Noël's.

In his imagination rang
Through generations challenging
His peal on simple men
Who, as the heart within him sang,
In daily townfaring should sing
By year and year again.

II

Now often to their ringing go
The bellmen with lean Time at heel,
Intent on daily cares ;
The bells ring high, the bells ring low,
The ringers ring the builder's peal
Of tidings unawares.

And all the bells might well be dumb
For any quickening in the street
Of customary ears ;
And so at last proud builders come
With dreams and virtues to defeat
Among the clouding years.

III

Now, waiting on Southampton sea
For exile, through the silver night
I hear Noël ! Noël !

Southampton Bells

Through generations down to me
Your challenge, builder, comes aright,
Bell by obedient bell.

You wake an hour with me ; then wide
Though be the lapses of your sleep
You yet shall wake again ;
And thus, old builder, on the tide
Of immortality you keep
Your way from brain to brain.

REALITY

IT is strange how we travel the wide world over,
And see great churches and foreign streets,
And armies afoot and kings of wonder,
And deeds a-doing to fill the sheets
That grave historians will pen
To ferment the brains of simple men.

And all the time the heart remembers
The quiet habit of one far place,
The drawings and books, the turn of a passage,
The glance of a dear familiar face,
And there is the true cosmopolis,
While the thronging world a phantom is.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

WATER

UPON the table by the bed,
Where it was set aside last night,
Beyond the bandaged, lifeless head,
It glitters in the morning-light.

And, as the hours of watching pass,
I cannot sleep, I cannot think,
But only gaze upon the glass
Of water that he could not drink.

THE WATCH

MY father wound it every night
Before he went to bed,
And faithfully till morning-light
It ticked beneath his head.

And now I wind it every night
Before I go to bed,
And faithfully till morning-light
It ticks beneath my head.

My son shall wind it every night
Maybe, when I am dead,
And faithfully till morning-light
'Twill tick beneath his head.

THE FOUNTAIN-PEN

I SIGNED the warrant with this pen,
And in an hour they lay—
Those young fire-hearted fearless men—
Cold clay beneath the clay.

The pen's unbroken nib of gold
The ink has stained to blue,
Yet while they're broken, crushed and cold,
It's just as good as new.

IN FIFTH AVENUE

A NEGRO in a dandy livery
Of blue and silver, dangling from one hand
A rose-emblazoned bandbox jauntily,
With conscious smile of gold and ivory,
He ambles down the side-walk . . .

And I see
Him naked, in a steamy forest-land
Of dense green swamp, beneath a dripping tree,
Crouched for the spring, and grinning greedily.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

MEMORY

DAFFODILS dancing by moonlight in English meadows,
Ghostly daffodils under a ghostly moon—
Here in the throng and clatter and hustle of Broadway,
Broadway, brawling and loud in the blaze of the noon,
Comes to me now as a half-remembered tune
The silence and wonder of daffodils dancing by moonlight,
Daffodils dancing by moonlight in English meadows,
Ghostly daffodils under a ghostly moon.

SONG

I LONG to shape in stone
What life has meant to me
That my delight be known
To all eternity.

Though in love's praise I give
To time frail words alone,
Yet shall not song outlive
All perishable stone.

RICHARD ALDINGTON

THE BLOOD OF THE YOUNG MEN

I

GIVE us back the close veil of the senses,
Let us not see, ah, hide from us
The red blood splashed upon the walls,
The good red blood, the young, the lovely blood
Trampled unseeingly by passing feet,
Feet of the old men, feet of the cold cruel women,
Feet of the careless children, endlessly passing . . .

II

Day has become an agony, night alone now,
That leisurely shadow, hides the blood-stains,
The horrible stains and clots of day-time.

III

All the garments of all the people,
All the wheels of all the traffic,
All the cold indifferent faces,
All the fronts of the houses,
All the stones of the street—
Ghastly ! Horribly smeared with blood-stains.

IV

The horror of it !
When a woman holds out a white hand
Suddenly to know it drips black putrid blood ;
When an old man sits, serene and healthy,
In clean white linen, with clean white hair,
Suddenly to know the linen foully spotted,
To see the white hair streaked with dripping blood.

V

O these pools and ponds of blood,
Slowly dripped in, slowly brimming lakes,

The Blood of The Young Men

Blood of the young men, blood of their bodies,
Squeezed and crushed out to purple the garments of Dives,
Poured out to colour the lips of Magdalen,
Magdalen who loves not, whose sins are loveless,
O this steady drain of the weary bodies,
This beating of hearts growing dimmer and dimmer,
This bitter indifference of the old men,
This exquisite indifference of women.

VI

Old men, you will grow stronger and healthier
With broad red cheeks and clear hard eyes—
Is not your meat and drink the choicest?
Blood of the young, dear flesh of the young men?

VII

Ah, you women, cruel exquisite women,
What a love-fountain is poured out for you,
What coloured streams for your pleasure!

Go your ways, pass on, forget them;
Give your lips and breasts to the old men,
The kindly, impetuous, glowing, old men!
They who will love you indeed, indeed, dears
Not as we do, drained of our blood, with weeping.
Sell yourselves, oh give yourselves to the cripples,
Give yourselves to the weak, the poor forgotten,
Give yourselves to those who escape the torture
And buy their blood from the pools with weight of gold.

Give yourselves to them, pass on, forget us;
We, any few that are left, a remnant,
Sit alone together in cold and darkness,
Dare not face the light for fear we discover
The dread woe, the agony in our faces,
Sit alone without sound in bitter dreaming

The Blood of The Young Men

Of our friends, our dear brothers, the young men,
Who were mangled and abolished, squeezed dry of blood,
Emptied and cast aside that the lakes might widen,
That the lips of the women might be sweet to the old men.

VIII

Go your ways, you women, pass and forget us ;
We are sick of blood, of the taste and sight of it ;
Go now to those who bleed not and to the old men,
They will give you beautiful love in answer !
But we, we are alone, we are desolate,
Thinning the blood of our brothers with weeping,
Crying for our brothers, the men we fought with,
Crying out, mourning them, alone with our dead ones ;
Praying that our eyes may be blinded
Lest we go mad in a world of scarlet,
Dripping, oozing from the veins of our brothers.

SOLILOQUY

NO, I'm not afraid of death,
(Not very much afraid, that is)
Either for others or myself ;
Can watch them coming from the line
On the wheeled silent stretchers
And not shrink,
But munch my sandwich stoically
And make a joke, when " it " has passed.

But—the way they wobble !—
God ! that makes one sick.
Dead men should be so still, austere,
And beautiful,
Not wobbling carrion roped upon a cart. . . .

Well, thank God for rum.

PEACE

I STRIDE across the night
Like a white flame ;
Over the gulf of darkness
Heaving and seething,
Out of the changeless silence,
To the loud lights and clamour
I stride, I reckless stride
At last.

Out of the long grey evening
When winter shakes the weary trees,
Out of the snowflakes falling
On frowsy sullen streets ;
Out of the broken fury,
Out of the drunken clamour
Out of the vault of horror,
Out of the pit of the damned :

Holding my windblown torch
With fixed and rigid gesture,
With a loud laugh I stride
Over the darkness.
Bodies rigid and pale,
Dreams that were never accomplished,
Beautiful shapes that are crushed,
I blaze above them all.

Flame wraps me from head to feet,
Flame ebbs away in a trail of sparks,
Flame tosses and leaps and boils
Upon the darkness ;
Flame sears and burns and searches
My eyes, my hands, my restless heart ;
Flame curls protectingly about me,
Folding me in from escape.

Peace

The silence still surrounds me
With its pent evil darkness ;
Millions of dead eyes staring
With the selfsame glassy stare ;
Mournful and lonely roads
Where snowflakes curl and settle,
Bare hills and shapeless plains
Stretching away into darkness.

I stride across the night
With a firm rigid gesture
Bearing my torch aloft
That blazes on the dead.
Grey moonlight gleams and flickers,
Somewhere a dog barks far away to eastward,
There is a stir, a pulse, a quiver,
Of unseen rapid feet.

They hammer on the roadway,
They hasten, they surround me,
There are hands clutching at the air,
Words and choked cries ;
A face starts out—another
Takes its place—both vanish.
Fingers are lightly picking
At my coat in the darkness.

Thousands of dead white faces
Start into life at my coming,
Thousands of stiffened faces
Relax, lie still at last ;
Thousands of twisted bodies
Merge with the troubled darkness.
I mark them all, and laughing,
Hold high the proud white flame.

Peace

The torch, the fiery standard,
Speaks to the shades, unwilling,
That there shall be ever silence
Between the slow-growing trees,
That there shall be quiet and silence
Over the fields in the darkness,
And the thought of things forgotten
To fill that deep rich silence.

THE RED GATES

HE will go free at midnight who passes the red gates,
But he will be lost in the darkness who holds by the red gates
fast.

The gates swing wide and open on a dim and lonely water,
In between them, swift and silent, the tide runs out to sea.
The gates rest wide and open and there is silence between them,
Silence, and dark shores ;

Lights burn upon the water,
Shadows of broad ships hang motionless in the moonlight,
Boats glide across the water, but there is one thought in them,
One dream that holds them all.

He will go free at midnight who passes the red gates,
But he will be lost in the shadow who holds by the red gates fast.

Red eyes are watching, waiting,
By the gateway in the moonlight,
Red eyes, dark glow of metal,
Burn deeply in my brain.

Shadows grow deeper, denser,
Where the still red gates are watching,
Shadows spread, motionless,
Over dim and empty shores ;

But I have seen at midnight
A great ship swinging slowly,
Out to the dark departing,
Without a cry, or breath.

He will go free at midnight who passes the red gates,
But he will be lost in the darkness who holds by the red gates fast.

OAK

SEE the grey silver of the oak-boughs,
as they swarm up the hill-slope
and down towards the sea.
The branches twist and twine

one over the other,
and the trunks, with the growth of saplings,
are misshapen and crooked.

The Atlantic winds
have smoothed them and silvered them,
and then have added the beauty
Time puts upon the work of the silversmith
carved centuries ago.

But was it for this confusion of boughs,
this profusion of locking twig,
this mingling of leaves,
one twisted tree with another,
that the acorn fell and took root?
Was this the hope in the seed?
Must the white sails be spun in vain for the keel?
Must the house lack the beam and the rooftree?

I must have space for my branches,
a field for my roots :
or men will destroy me !

SWAN

O SWAN,
 my eyes watch you through the shallows,
 wounded by your cruel beauty.
 O white splendour,
 you have hurt me.

You do not heed us ;
 our music crashes through the stillness ;
 our shouts crack in the evening ;
 we gather round your pool :
 the cygnets twist their swart heads
 and their crimson beaks, and listen ;
 but you do not heed them ;
 you do not heed us.

Your yellow feet move
 through the clear, cold water ;
 your belly rests upon your belly,
 soft, cool, caressing ;
 your beak meets your beak ;
 your necks repeat the figures
 two, three, eight and zero.

O twi-shape, O triple nature,
 bird, fish and serpent,
 do you plunge your head
 to lose your torment ?
 Does your beauty tire you ?

The wind moves the leaves to a sweet sound ;
 it bends the sedge and the shallows ;
 the tulips sway and the iris ;
 but it brings to you the peace of curdled waters
 where you are no longer.

THE UNDYING

IN thin clear light unshadowed shapes go by
 Small on green fields beneath the hueless sky.
 They do not stay for question, do not hear
 Any old human speech ; their tongue and ear
 Seem only thought, for when I spoke they stirred not
 And their bright minds conversing my ear heard not.
 —Until I slept or, musing, on a heap
 Of warm crisp fern lay between sense and sleep
 Drowsy, still clinging to a strand of thought
 Spider-like frail and all unconscious wrought.
 For thinking of that unforgettable thing,
 The war, that spreads a loud and shaggy wing
 On things most peaceful, simple, happy and bright,
 Until the spirit is blind though the eye is light ;
 Thinking of the English dead—“ How can you dead,”
 I muttered, “ with your life and young joy shed,
 How can you but in these new lands of life
 Relume the fiery passion of old strife—
 Just anger, mortal hate, the natural scorn
 Of men true-born for all things foully born ? ”
 For I had thought that not death’s touch could still
 In man’s clean spirit the hate of good for ill.

But now to see their shapes go lightly by
 On those vast fields, clear ’neath the hueless sky,
 With not one furious gesture, and (when seen
 With but the broad dark hedgerow space between)
 No eye’s disdain, no thin drawn face of grief,
 But pondering calm or lightened look and brief
 Smile almost gay ; — yet all seen in the air
 That driv’n mist makes unreal everywhere . . .
 “ So strange,” I breathed, “ How can you English dead
 Forget them for whose life your life was shed ? ”

It was no voice that answered, yet plain word

The Undying

Less plain is than the unspoken that I heard,
As I lay there on the dry heap of fern
And watched them pass, mix, disappear and return,
And felt their mute speech into empty senses burn.
“Earth’s is the strife. The Heavenly Powers that sent
The gray globe spinning in the firmament,
The Heavenly Powers that soon or late will stay
The spinning, as a child that tires of play,
And globe by spent globe put forgot away
In some vast airless hollow ; could they see
Or seeing endure immortal misery
Made out of mortal, and undying hate
Earth’s perishing agonies perpetuate ?
O spirits unhappy, if from earth men brought
The mind’s disease, the sickness of mad thought.
Sooner the Heavenly Powers would let them lie
Eternally unrising ’neath a sky
Arctic and lonely, where death’s starven wind
Raged full-delighted ; sooner would those kind
Serenities man’s generation cast
Back into nothingness, than heaven should waste
With finite anguish infinitely prolonged
Until the Eternal Spring were stained and wronged.
O, even the Heavenly Powers at such a breath
From mortal shores would fade and fade to death.”

—Was it a voice or but a thought I heard,
Mine or another’s, in my boughs that stirred
Waking the leafy darkness of the mind ?
Was it a voice, or but a new-roused wind
That answered—“ O, I know, I know, I know !
The oldest rivers into the full sea flow
And there are lost ; so everything is lost,
On midnight waves into oblivion tost.
Yet—the high passion, the pity, the joy and pride,
The righteousness for which these men have died,
The courage, the uncounted sacrifice,

The Undying

The love and beauty, all that's beyond all price ;
That this, the immortal heart of mortal man,
Should be—O tell me what, tell me again, again—
Petals lost on the river of the years
When April sweetness pauses, fades and disappears !
That this high Quarrel should be quenched in death
As some vexed petty plaint unworthy breath ;
That the blood and the tears should never rise
Renewed, accusing in grave judgment skies . . .
Tell me again—O, rather tell me not,
Lest that ill telling never be forgot."

And then I rose from that warm ferny heap
And my thoughts climbed from the abyss of sleep.
No more in human guise did cloud-shapes pass,
Nor sighed with sad intelligence the grass.
I saw the hueless sky break into blue,
And I remembered how that heaven I knew
When, a small child, I gazed at the great height
And thought of nothing but the blue and white,
Pools of sweet blue swimming in fields of light.
And as tired men from mine and stithy turn
While still the midnight fires unslackened burn
Flushing their road, and so reach home and then
Dream of old childhood's days and dream again ;
So I forgot those inward fires and found
Old happiness like dew lying all around.
Under the hedge I stood and far below
Saw on the Worcester Plain the swift clouds flow
Like ships on seas no greener than the Plain
That shone between October sun and rain ;
And thinking how time's plenteousness would bring
Back and more bright the young delicious spring,
Between wet brambles thrust my hand, and tasted
Ripe berries on neglected boughs that wasted.

TEN O'CLOCK NO MORE*

THE wind has thrown
The boldest of trees down.
Now disgraced it lies,
Naked in spring beneath the drifting skies,
Naked and still.

It was that wind
So furious and blind
That scourged half England through,
Ruining the fairest where most fair it grew
By dell and hill ;

And springing here,
The black clouds dragging near,
Against this lonely elm
Thrust all his strength to maim and overwhelm
In one wild shock ;

As in the deep
Satisfaction of dark sleep
The tree her dream dreamed on,
And woke to feel the wind's arms round her thrown,
And her head rock.

And the wind raught
Her ageing boughs and caught
Her body fast again.
Then in one agony of age, grief, pain,
She fell and died.

Her noble height,
Branches that loved the light,
Her music and cool shade,
Her memories and all of her is dead
On the hill side.

**Ten o'clock* is the name of a tall tree that crowned the eastern Cotswolds.

Ten O'Clock No More

But the wind stooped,
With madness tired, and drooped
In the soft valley and slept,
While morning strangely round the hush'd tree crept
And called in vain.

The birds fed where
The roots uptorn and bare
Thrust shameful at the sky ;
And pewits round the tree would dip and cry
With the old pain.

“ Ten o'clock's gone ! ”
Said sadly everyone.
And mothers looking thought
Of sons and husbands far away that fought,
And looked again.

LABOUR BATTALION

I

THE town grows fiercer with heat !
It does not shrivel like big herbage,
But it makes the sunlight beat
Backward and forward from wall to wall
And exults in its bitter usage of us all.

Our hands, our breasts rebel against us,
Our eyes darken, and impotence hurts
Our soul. Nothing but the mad monotonous
Stress of compulsion remains, and a band that girts
The heart—heart that has beat
As free as the running of angels' feet.

II

Oh, and I wish that I
Was at Mablethorpe,
Where the long fawn foreshores lie
Taut as a wetted warp,
And the long waves rush and ply
Like a shuttle that carries the weft,
Like a harpist that strikes his deft
Fingers across the harp.

Oh, to see the long waves rush,
Like the woof the shuttle carries
Along the coast ; to hear the hush
Of the waves that wash
To the distance, the wave that tarries
Way down the coast, then comes up flush.

III

The cool, the cleanness of the sea,
The sea all wet
Would wash away this ignominy :
And better yet.

Labour Battalion

To hear the long waves strike the coast
As a harpist running along the strings,
Would take away the sickening fret
Of nerves that grind and a soul that stings
And shame that hurts most.

For oh, to feel the rhythm set
In me again,
The substance tangled in the net
Of this hour's ignominy and sweat
Set free again.
For the sound of the sea as it furls and unfurls
To sing in the shell of my heart the lull and increase ;
For a rhythm to compel me back, for peace
In the whispering whorls.

IV

But I'll never reach the long sweet shore
Of Lincolnshire.
Only the waste night lies in store.
Already I see the shelled moon lie
Like a shed white husk on the torrid sky,
A thing of fear.

For the moon like a Fata Morgana will lean
Out of the sky to-night.
The town will cluster her herbage then,
And sinister beings will beckon between
The thick rank streets ; and a stark white light
Envelop our den.

And we shall be sealed and stowed away
And not like men.
We shall strip to the Fata Morgana then
And essay to disown ourselves ; and then when the light
Of morning is back, we shall change again and essay
To disown the night.

NO NEWS

A H heaven, send
Her letter somehow
To tell me
How she fares at her end
Of this journey
So terrible now.

Rain, and a falling world
And never a word
To my silenced heart.
Explosions have whirled,
And a silence that stirred
Saw my last hope start
In vain.

Has she sent me a letter?
The skies fall
The unseen cloud
Rains heavy : to me
Nothing again.
Nothing yet.

Were it better
To forget?
Forget all?
Is death so proud
That he dares demand
Everything from me
Thus beforehand?

Am I lost?
Has death set me apart
Beforehand?
Have I crossed
That border?
Have I nothing in this dark land,
Even no pain of heart
To afford her?

PIC-NIC

WE lay and ate sweet hurt-berries
In the bracken of Hurt Wood.
Like a quire of singers singing low
The dark pines stood.

Behind us climbed the Surrey hills,
Wild, wild in greenery :
At our feet the downs of Sussex broke
To an unseen sea.

And life was bound in a still ring
Drowsy, and quiet and sweet
When heavily up the south-east wind
The great guns beat.

We did not wince, we did not weep,
We did not curse or pray ;
We drowsily heard, and some one said
“ They sound clear to-day.”

We did not shake with pity and pain,
Or sicken and blanch white.
We said : “ If the wind’s from over there
There’ll be rain to-night.”

* * * * *

Once pity we knew, and rage we knew,
And pain we knew, too well,
As we stared and peered dizzily
Through the gates of hell.

But now hell’s gates are an old tale ;
Remote the anguish seems ;
The guns are muffled and far away,
Dreams within dreams.

Pic-Nic

And far and far are Flanders mud,
And the pain of Picardy ;
And the blood that runs there runs beyond
The wide waste sea.

We are shut about by guarding walls :
(We have built them lest we run
Mad from dreaming of naked fear
And of black things done.)

We are ringed all round by guarding walls,
So high, they shut the view.
Not all the guns that shatter the world
Can quite break through.

* * * * *

Oh guns of France, oh guns of France.
Be still, you crash in vain
Heavily up the south wind throb
Dull dreams of pain

Be still, be still, south wind, lest your
Blowing should bring the rain
We'll lie very quiet on Hurt hill,
And sleep once again.

Oh, we'll lie quite still, nor listen nor look,
While the earth's bounds reel and shake,
Lest, battered too long, our walls and we
Should break should break

BAFFLED

WHEN the still fire burns like roses
 In the cavernous empty night,
 Through the small silent hours that watch
 From lamp light to dawn light,
 We lie upstairs, a-sleeping deep,
 But in the house below
 The puzzled tenants, blind and shy,
 Creep to and fro.
 They are holding whispered conclaves
 Together down there ;
 You may hear a sudden footfall
 Crack on a stair,
 Or a window opened soft and quick,
 As if someone were
 Seeking a clue to the strange house
 In the wide night air.

For they are baffled, strayed and lost,
 And the whispered things they say
 Are puzzled echoes murmured o'er,
 Of the words we said by day.
 They touch the books that we laid down,
 With groping, blind-man hands,
 As travellers who stray, sighing,
 Lost in strange lands.
 They know not what the curious house
 Holds for their good or ill :
 It is a maze without a clue,
 So dark, warm and still.

* * * * *

And they are you, and they are I ;
 And while we lie sleeping,
 Ourselves, bewildered by ourselves,
 Go blindly creeping

Baffled

About the house we know by day,
The things we love well,
Finding them fearful, far away,
Incomprehensible.

* * * * *

We wake upstairs : the morning fills
The still house with sun.
Away out of the clueless maze
Soft feet run.

FROM AN OLD HOUSE

I

IN lonely silence
Of windless country
I think of those
In far London
Who move in lamplight.

Hark !—the shuffle
Of groping feet.
No—the branches
Cool at the window.

II

I heard the latch :
You have gone perhaps
To buy food in the town.

It must have been that
By the way the old house
Lies suddenly still
Like a dog awaiting
Its absent master.

III

Look ! Look !
Those are the fields
Of Paradise . . .

—What can you mean?
That is the pasture,
The pond, the cattle,
(Grazing by moonlight),
Of my old tenant,
Mister Brown.

From an Old House

IV

The world !—
But I do not complain.
Life !—
But I will not die.

We will sit together quietly,
And look at the show as it goes.
How can it fail to delight us
While we can watch it together?

V

The moonlight was blowing in waves
To-night when I crossed the fields :
I waited below by the hedge.

My breath was caught up like a cloud ;
I stood and expected to drown.

Curling across the green,
It folded me up :
I swam to the lane,
Came back to the house,
In the shelter of trees,
In the safety of you.

UNDER

IN this house, she said, in this high second storey,
In this room where we sit, above the midnight street,
There runs a rivulet, narrow but very rapid,
Under the still floor and your unconscious feet.

The lamp on the table made a cone of light
That spread to the base of the walls : above was in gloom.
I heard her words with surprise ; had I worked here so long,
And never divined that secret of the room ?

“ But how,” I asked, “ does the water climb so high ? ”
“ I do not know,” she said, “ but the thing is there ;
Pull up the boards while I go and fetch you a rod.”
She passed, and I heard her creaking descend the stair.

And I rose and rolled the Turkey carpet back
From the two broad boards by the north wall she had named,
And, hearing already the crumple of water, I knelt
And lifted the first of them up ; and the water gleamed,

Bordered with little frosted heaps of ice ;
And, as she came back with a rod and line that swung,
I moved the other board ; in the yellow light
The water trickled frostily, slackly along.

I took the tackle, a stiff black rubber worm,
That stuck out its pointed tail from a cumbersome hook ;
“ But there can't be fishing in water like this,” I said.
And she, with weariness, “ There is no ice there. Look.”

And I stood there, gazing down at a stream in spate,
Holding the rod in my undecided hand . . .
Till it all in a moment grew smooth and still and clear,
And along its deep bottom of slaty grey sand

Under

Three scattered little trout, as black as tadpoles
Came wagging slowly along the glass-dark lake,
And I swung my arm to drop my pointing worm in,
And then I stopped again with a little shake.

For I heard the thin gnat-like voices of the trout
—My body felt woolly and sick and astray and cold—
Crying with mockery in them : “You are not allowed
To take us, you know, under ten years old.”

And the room swam, the calm woman and the yellow lamp,
The table, and the dim-glistening walls, and the floor,
And the stream sank away, and all whirled dizzily,
And I moaned, and the pain at my heart grew more and more ;

And I fainted away, utterly miserable,
Falling in a place where there was nothing to pass,
Knowing all sorrows and the mothers and sisters of sorrows,
And the pain of the darkness before anything ever was.

SONNET

THERE was an Indian who had known no change,
Who strayed content along a sunlit beach
Gathering shells. He heard a sudden strange
Commingle noise ; looked up ; and gasped for speech.
For in the bay, where nothing was before,
Moved on the sea, by magic, huge canoes
With bellying cloths on poles, and not one oar,
And fluttering coloured signs, and clambering crews.

And he, in fear, this naked man alone,
His fallen hands forgetting all their shells,
His lips gone pale, knelt low behind a stone,
And stared, and saw, and did not understand,
Columbus's doom-burdened caravels
Slant to the shore, and all their seamen land.

THE BURDEN OF LONDON

WHAT have you done with the Abbey of Westminster,
You lawyers and you reasonable men?
You have set aside the Beauty of God's Pain
To enthrone a comfortable nonsense there.

The burning gardens of the Middle Ages
Are faded down to a few frail hectic flowers;
Lost is the wisdom of their wingèd sages,
The meaning of the bell-chime in their towers.

But the poor of Jesus Christ, they do not pass,
You may meet His little ones starven in the street,
And still in London city all flesh is grass,
And the Church is a gilded dancer with scarlet feet.

And Time is a reaper wielding a brazen flail,
And Lust is a demon feeding a thorn of fires;
The pains of Adam's children, they do not fail;
The Soul starves still and still, soon, soon she tires;
The world's dunged bread feeds not her wise desires!

SONNET : I

I AM grown so tired I cannot understand
 Quite what is come to us now : but never mind.
 I want to fall asleep holding your hand,
 And think of nothing but how wise and kind
 You have been, and of how friendly your eyes are.
 I dreamed of love once that should be like this,
 For us, who are made too lonely and tired to care
 For passion much, to be together and kiss.
 You were quite right to say that we were keeping
 Our great romance for a day when we were tired.
 For we have found between desire for sleeping
 The sleeper thing we have so much desired.
 For us, desiring not desire but rest,
 Desiring love, this love is loveliest.

SONNET : II

THERE'S nothing left except to be quite brave,
 And look the truth in the eyes. It comes to this.
 You will not spend love whole. You want to save
 And dole it out in kindness, kiss by kiss.

O niggard one, take heart. Is love a flower
 Of numerable petals, bleached and torn
 By sun and wind to the end, or else one hour
 Favoured with kingly hands, cut down and worn ?

Or is love's rain-bow gold but current cash
 Changed to but so much silver we can spend
 Piecemeal to the last, or husband till we're rash
 For one expenditure and make an end ?

Why ! If that's love, then give the gold outright,
 And wear the rose. Who can divide delight ?

VILLON

HIS ink was nigh to frozen, and the cold
Bit at his ill-fleshed bones while Paris slept,
Yet within Villon's brain a wild flame leapt,
The muddled ore of his rich thought to mould.

Within the mind's alembic he controlled
That clogged uneven vein, and laughed and wept
For all his light loose hours of kingship, kept
'Mid tavern ruffians, filchers of church gold.

Then the dim ghosts of allegoric song
With Meung's rose faded, for a rogue's despair
Broke livelier blossom, growing full and strong ;

And his old mother learnt a better prayer,
And noble dames, their beauty withered long
In death, grew deathless then with Heaulmière.

MAYOR'S SUNDAY

IT is Mayor's Sunday, and the Town Council go
In their bright robes across the market-place
Into the parish church, where they sit in a row,
Each in his top-hat hiding a reverent face.

They are the top-hats of great provincial occasions,
Ill-brushed and shiny, and getting a little green,
They have known funerals, weddings and coronations,
And some of them remember the late queen.

And Richard Fleming from his brass looks down
At the Town Council bending their heads in prayer ;
He was the first great burgess of the town,
And instituted the annual May Fair.

But now the service is over, and they go out
To the mayor's parlour, up in the town-hall,
And the loving-cup, filled with spiced wine, is passed about ;
A feeling of benevolence overcomes them all.

To loafers, tramps and poachers, and such-like sinners
They feel less harshly ; each has drunk his fill.
Now they go back to their homes and Sunday dinners,
Happy to think that England is England still.

SIREN ISLAND

TARRY not, mariners, turn not hither to rest !
 Lo, I, a Dream, from the place where the dead must dwell,
 Swim back into time through the sundering waters, lest
 Ye too should fall a prey to the Sirens' spell :
 To bid you away, to reveal you the thing that befell.

Weary we were when we saw the welcoming bay :
 Our eyes were strained and sick, our sinews ached at the oar.
 Dead calm it was, no breath in the tired air :
 So gladly we turned our helm and set to the shore
 Where the sands showed brown and bare at the close of day.
 Did no foreboding beat at our brains " beware " ?
 No thought, no dream ! Ah, very weary we were.

So the ship drew in on a drowsing lunge of the tide.
 No quiver she gave ;
 And we,—no ropes, no groaning oars we plied
 While even-keeled she set to the shore, the shore,
 As a ghost at last steals back with its grief to the grave
 To wander on earth no more.
 And evening came like a child's eyes big with sleep.

Then ah, on the shore a gleam, a pallor that shone
 Dim in the dusk. It held our wondering gaze.
 Were they the forms of women, faint in the haze,
 Silent watchers, drawing us on, and on ?
 Women they seemed : we gazed and were not afraid,
 For over the swooning shallows their beauty swayed
 Passing fair to divine : and for all they were dumb
 We knew that surely to place and moment would come
 Utterance, speeding up from the bounds of thought !
 Yes, for the very calm was distraught,
 An urgent, passionate stillness athirst for sound !
 Yes, and around
 And below and above, we felt sky, ocean and earth
 Wrung with a travail to bring some marvel to birth.

Siren Island

Then the Shapes on the shore quivered, and a ripple ran
Out to our boat, like a quick sharp flicker of mirth.
And the song began.
Then we heard—O glory of dawn, when the mighty sun
Sweeps proudly up on a surge of bountiful skies !
O glory of noon exalted to ecstasies
With speed of wind and lifted pennon of cloud—
With all this, listeners there, we became as one.
For the song spread wings and soared like a kingly bird
Far into opened heavens ; and proud and serene
On the rise and fall of the melody, word kissed word.
We sat voiceless, till one cried in frenzy aloud :
“ Once a man, but now 'tis a god I have been
I have flown to the end of the world and secure I have ranged
High o'er the toil of a man like a god unseen ! ”
But his voice faltered and thinned : the song had changed.
We saw the shapes of the Singers melt and become
Pale, pale, pale, in the scant twilight.
And the music drooped like an eagle shadowing home,
And softened, touched by a thrill of bleakening night.
We felt our hope turn grey and our hearts grow chill
And about our joy was a great beleaguering care
Sighing, drawn from the music that lingered still.
For the song was dying, until like a wave aground
It broke in a golden ruin of sadness there,
As though itself had swum with us in from the main,
Foaming in from the infinite seas of sound
To pass in secret heart-ache and hidden pain.

Silence above and beyond. Silence around.
The boat stood still
Clasped in the suck of the sand, lulled in the lap of the wave ;
No shudder she gave ;
Even-keeled she awaited what should befall.
But where were they, the Singers ? We saw them not.
Was it a dream ? Stupidly each upon each
We gazed bemused, scanning the empty beach,
Like men who strive to remember a thing forgot.

Siren Island

Then,——ah but how can I tell of the thing that came?
Over the side of the boat two eyes of flame
And there—and there—and there!

And the spell was suddenly snapped.
Slimy writhings of snaky shapes in the boat,
With hiss that rose in triumph to drown our shrieking.
I was caught and coiled and there came to my bursting ears
A hideous din like the braying of idiot beasts,
The clawing of dripping talons, the gnashing of crimson fangs,
Till I knew no more

Therefore, mariners, turn not hither to land.
Else ye with us shall never awake to roam
The purple seas to the haven your heart has planned;
With us, who never again to our friends may come
Nor enter under the dear, lost lintel of home.
For white as foam our bones lie strewn on the sand;
White as foam.

RAIN

SOMEWHERE a piece of soaked cloth soddenly flaps :
 The drizzle prickles and ticks on the wet stone flags :
 It has rained since morning and still a chill mist enwraps
 Day groping away through rain. The heavy hour lags,
 And through the muffled pulse of its sulky lapse
 Sounds rain awash in the puddles, brimming the flags.

And thought is a clinging mist, and desire is a pulp
 And hopes are dying, dying in a world of rain,
 Dying while yet the guzzling sluices gulp
 The glut of the soaking sky

And I long in vain
 For the dismal heavens to be shattered or rent asunder,
 That up from the west the hammer of Thor should smite
 And batter the day to death in a crash of thunder ;
 Or freezing wind like a fierce sword flashing white
 To free its soul with a wound and a gush of pain ;
 Or I see far skies that darken with a storm of sand,
 Blown death, that blinds and buries and hides from sight
 The bones of men in the heart of the blazing land
 Where, dreaming yet, the ruins of Memphis stand —

But somewhere still is a drenched cloth soddenly flapping,
 And a gulping pipe at a gutter, and rain drops tapping,
 The trickle and steady prick of rain on the flags
 Night has stolen in like a ghost ; like a ghost the day—
 Shrouded in colour's ruin and sound's decay,
 A mournful wraith in a dripping vesture that drags—
 Haggardly out through the rain shuffles away.

THE REEF

MY green aquarium of phantom fish
 Goggling in on me through the misty panes ;
 My rotting leaves and fields spongy with rains ;
 My few clear quiet autumn days—I wish

I could leave all, clearness and mistiness ;
 Sodden or goldenly crystal, all too still.
 Yes, and I too rot with the leaves that fill
 The hollows in the woods : I am grown less

Than human, listless, aimless as the green
 Idiot fishes of my aquarium,
 Who loiter down their dim tunnels and come
 And look at me and drift away, nought seen

Or understood, but only glazedly
 Reflected. Upwards, upwards through the shadows,
 Through the lush sponginess of deep-sea meadows
 Where hare-lipped monsters batten, let me ply

Winged fins, bursting this matrix dark to find
 Jewels and movement, mintage of sunlight
 Scattered largely by the profuse wind,
 And gulphs of blue brightness, too deep for sight.

Free, newly born, on roads of music and air
 Speeding and singing, I shall seek the place
 Where all the shining threads of water race,
 Drawn in green ropes and foamy meshes. There,

On the red fretted ramparts of a tower
 Of coral rooted in the depths, shall break
 An endless sequence of joy and speed and power :
 Green shall shatter to foam ; flake with white flake

Shall create an instant's shining constellation
 Upon the blue ; and all the air shall be

The Reef

Full of a million wings that swift and free
Laugh in the sun, all power and strong elation.

Yes, I shall seek that reef, which is beyond
All isles however magically sleeping
In tideless seas, uncharted and unconned
Save by blind eyes ; beyond the laughter and weeping

That brood like a cloud over the lands of men.
Movement, passion of colour and pure wings,
Curving to cut like knives—these are the things
I search for :—passion beyond the ken

Of our foiled violences, and, more swift
Than any blow that man aims against time,
The invulnerable, motion that shall rift
All darkness with the lightning of a rhyme,

Or note, or colour. And the body shall be
Quick as the mind ; and will shall find release
From bondage to brute things ; and joyously
Soul, will and body, in the strength of triune peace,

Shall live the perfect grace of power unwasted.
And love consummate, marvellously blending
Passion and reverence in a single spring
Of quickening force, till now never yet tasted,

But ever ceaselessly thirsted for, shall crown
The new life with its ageless starry fire.
I go to seek that reef, far down, far down
Below the edge of everyday's desire,

Beyond the magical islands, where of old
I was content, dreaming, to give the lie
To misery, They were all strong and bold
That thither came : and shall I dare to try ?

ON THE BUS

SITTING on the top of the bus
I smoke my pipe and look at the sky.
Over my shoulder the smoke streams out
And my life with it.
“Conservation of energy,” you say :
But I burn, I tell you, I burn,
And the smoke of me streams out
In a vanishing skein of grey.
Crash and bump—my poor bruised body !
I am a harp of twittering strings,
An elegant instrument, but infinitely second-hand,
And if I have not got phthisis it is only an accident.
Droll phenomena . . .

THE GRAVEYARD ON THE HILL

UNDER the grasses where we lie
The old quiet dead sleep :
Among their tombstones quiet sheep
Graze, and summer larks sing high
Only love may never die !

—Tender as love, or lover's breast
Earth spreads sweet thyme against my cheek
Soft pillowed on a grave : O, speak
Out of the wisdom of your rest,
You gentle dead ! Is love not best ?

Beloved, bend on me your eyes,
Eternal truths that light your face,
They are more fathomless than space,
A bird of laughter in them cries :
We die, but our love never dies !

I hear the kindly dead beneath
Me whisper . . love . . love . . love !
Your eyes confirm their truth above
Me : in the wind I feel love's breath :
There is no death ! There is no death !

IMMORTALITY

FOLDED in a flower,
I saw Death in a bower.
Folded in a cloud,
I saw Death in a shroud.
Folded in your eyes
I saw Love's sunrise.
The flower withered into seed,
God pushed up with spring's first weed !
The cloud was melted into rain,
Death made life on earth again !
Your eyes are shut from me and spring
But I live by Love's quickening !
Now God, Death, Love in my heart sing
Out of all changing strife,
No end may be, but Life,
Changeless Life !

REPLY TO AN IMAGINARY INVITATION

WHAT should I go to Greece for
When I have got mine here?—
Bursts of sunny cloud smothering
Across skies combed and clear,
Sunshine falling and fading
Now far off, now near.

The gay young beech, the sycamore
Rather yellow than green
And the deep wind pouring
All their leaves between
What more dare I require?
What better might-have-been?

There's a long slope seaward
Over which the wind flows,
There is young green corn springing
And over its sheen goes
One glossy rook sedately walking
Turning out his toes.

The cliff-top dips suddenly
And below on the broad sands
A girl in a white fluttering dress
Runs and halts and stands
Shouting at a boy on a galloping cart-horse
And clapping her hands.

Further out past the breakers'
Bright welter and clash,
Three jolly bathers
Struggle and splash
And the sea toward th' horizon is
One glitter, one flash.

Reply to an Imaginary Invitation

If I shut my eyes I see—redness,
If I open—blue and clear,
If forward—sea . . . bathers . . . cliff top
If back—gay trees near.
What should I go to Greece for
When I have got mine here?

Summer, 1917.

SPANISH FOLK SONG

THOU art a red rose my darling
But the fairest flower that blows
Yields to each in turn her treasure :
In this too thou art a rose.

Token now a rose I send thee
And I will not wish thee worse
Than to share the bliss a rose has
Than to share a rose's curse.

As in three days this will sicken
Wither, pine and fall apart :
So soon may your beauty perish
And as quickly break your heart.

April, 1918.

BROKEN LOVE

THY child am I, dear love,
Thy love-child true ;
Born of thy love for me
And my love too :
Nurtured within thy breast, child of thy care ;
Mother and love, I seek thee everywhere.

But thou art far away,
Hidden thy face.
Must I then walk away
In thy disgrace ?
Because I grew, grew then my heart from thee ?
Mother and love, the heart cries out in me.

Ah ! couldst thou not endure
A second birth ?
Seemed all my ways a lure
And nothing worth ?
Loving the sun, shall earth the plant disown ?
Mother and love, what of thy seedling grown ?

Turn, turn thy face and see,
Ere daylight dies !
Grief now looks down on me
Out of thine eyes.
Come ! Art thou not too full of heart to stay ?
My life is thine, and thine is mine alway.

WEATHERCOCKS

OLD Owl-wing shakes his lap
Of money to the peoples :
His stripy dunce's cap
Is twirling on the steeples
With bells of noisy-coloured rain ;
He's paid his money, gone to Spain.
And cows and sparkling sheep
In shrill green painted fields
Seem blocks of wood asleep—
Or cloud in air that yields ;
Like wooden bumpkins' sun-round stare
Clocks seem, in new-washed air :
Bucolic round-faced clocks
That laugh at pirouettes
Of glittering weathercocks,
Each preening as he sets
Clouds tumbling like striped-coloured clowns
Through all the far blue towns,
With thunder drumming after.
A coloured bubble is the world,
A glassy ball that clowns have hurled
Through the rainbow space of laughter.

SONG OF THE FAUNS

WHEN woods are white beneath the moon
 And grass is wet with crystal dew,
 When, in the pool
 So clear and cool,
 The moon reflects itself anew,
 We rouse ourselves from daylight's swoon;
 We shake away
 The sleep of day,
 Out from our bosky homes we spring,
 Horns wreathed with flowers
 Throughout the hours
 Of moonlight, worshipping we sing
 Pale iv'ry Goddess whose wan light
 Looks down upon us worshipping—
 Each dappled faun
 Who shuns the dawn,
 Is here, and rarest gifts we bring—
 The feathers of the birds of night
 Wrought to a crown
 Of softest down
 We offer you, and crystal bright,
 The dew within a lily cup
 Reflecting stars
 In shining bars;—
 All things most strange we offer up—
 Rich gifts of fruit and honeyed flowers
 To place upon the sacred mound.
 With flowers of night
 It's our delight
 To scatter the sweet-breathing ground:
 The rarest fruit
 That we can loot,
 We place within your secret bowers.
 We shake down apples from the trees
 And pears, and plums with velvet skin:

Song of the Fauns

Up to the sky
We cast these high
And pray you'll stoop to net them in.
We dance ; then fall upon our knees
And pray and sing—all this to show
The love that all loyal fauns must owe
To you, white goddess of the night.
But no more play
We must away,
The eastern sky is growing bright.

PIERROT AT THE WAR

THE leaden years have dragged themselves away ;
The blossoms of the world lie all dash'd down
And flattened by the hurricane of death ;
—The roses fallen, and their fragrant breath
Has passed beyond our senses—and we drown
Our tragic thoughts, confine them to the day.

Pierrot was happy here three years ago,
Singing through all the summer-scented hours
Dancing throughout the warm moon-haunted night,
Swanlike his floating sleeves, so long and white,
Sailed the blue waters of the dusk. Wan flowers
Like moons, perfumed the crystal valley far below.

But now these moonlit sleeves lie on the ground,
Trampled and torn from many a deadly fight.
With fingers clenched, and face a mask of stone
He gazes at the sky—left all alone—
Grimacing under every rising light :
His body waits the peace his soul has found.

FRAGMENT FROM "SIRENS"

OUR sails were stooping low before the wind,
 Sails, curvèd like a shell held to the ear
 That sends, far down the listener's soul
 The faint far singing of the sea
 Among its labyrinthine valleys and the hills
 That shew the gilded wreckage of such argosies
 As toss their heads above these sudden mountains
 Raised god-like from the level water-plains,
 And azure-rifted chasms; such ships
 As break their scornful heads
 Against these walls of crumbling foam
 And battlements of far-strung bubbles
 Strewn star-thick o'er the snow-soft sea.

Our curvèd prow was steering for the sun
 And lightning swift we passed across the sea
 Faster, faster, ever faster, faster
 We flew from speed to speed,
 Till looking from the ship
 I saw the jagged foam and tear-salt spray
 Left hanging in the sea
 Big grapes for which the sea-god
 Would thank our ship as with his scaled feet
 He crushed the wine from out the bursting fruit.

For many a mile behind our bird-swift ship
 We left great footmarks in the falling snow
 Of waves; and patches of dire blue
 Restrained the knotted whips of spray
 From striking 'gainst our ship—
 A striding horse with every nerve
 Strained for utmost speed.
 And so beneath our prow
 The dashing waves were shattered, melted,
 As clouds upon a mountain side

Fragment from " Sirens "

Sink lower, break asunder,
Cling lifeless to the rocks
Then vanish to a wisp of smoke.
And all the while the red sun drew us down
A speck of dust within his giant's draught,
A speck fast falling down the slanting sea
Which he had lifted high
Its musty dregs to drain.

SILENCE

IT was bright day and all the trees were still
In the deep valley, and the dim Sun glowed ;
The clay in hard-baked fire along the hill
Leapt through dark trunks to apples green and gold
Smooth, hard and cold, they shone like lamps of stone :
They were bright bubbles bursting from the trees,
Swollen and still among the dark green boughs ;
On their bright skins the shadows of the leaves
Seemed the faint ghosts of summers long since gone,
Faint ghosts of ghosts the dreams of ghostly eyes.

There was no sound between those breathless hills ;
Only the dim Sun hung there, nothing moved ;
The thronged, massed, crowded multitude of leaves
Hung like dumb tongues that loll and gasp for air :
The grass was thick and still between the trees.

There were big apples lying on the ground,
Shining quite still as though they had been stunned
By some great violent spirit stalking through,
Leaving a deep and supernatural calm
Round a dead beetle upturned in a furrow.

A valley filled with dark, quiet leaf-thick trees,
Loaded with green, cold, faintly shining suns ;
And in the sky a great dim burning disc !—
Madness it is to watch these twisted trunks
And to see nothing move and hear no sound !

Let's make a noise : Hey ! . . . Hey ! . . . Hullo ! . . . Hullo !

THE DARK FIRE OF SORROW

THE dark fire of sorrow is burning in my brain
And its glow dwells softly on the hills—
The amber hills, the hills translucent, hills of mellow light,
Guaya's still, lake-reflected hills.

There love's a shy, bright, golden bird that leaps among dead trees,
The old and withered thoughts of men ;
Dark scenery of passion in the land of the ideal,
Dark like a little mad glen.

And in that calmer, magic light I see the bright, wild bird
Flitting through the peace of Guaya's hills ;
And could I leave this narrow glen branched thick with tortured thought,
And wander in those plains the dark fire fills ;

Yes, wander to those hills of peace, that glow like strange, sad jewels,
And enter their calm, supernatural day
That fire would die, that glow depart, and that bright, bright bird love
Would have quietly and for ever flown away.

For the dark fire of sorrow burns not upon those hills,
There's but peace there and loveliness afar ;
And the radiance of that country is the sad still light that fills
This glen of human sorrow where we are.

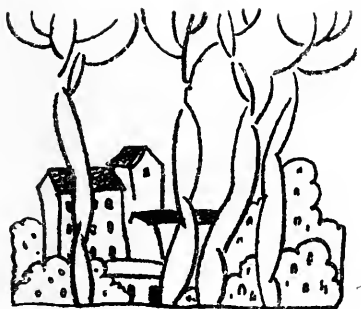
ANASTASIS

GENTLE dust, when I am you
I shall be stilled by morning dew,
While the wind before the storms
Shall blow me into curious forms.

I prolific, I inert
Will maintain the flower and wort ;
Let hot rains under Sirius
Splash me to haze odorous.

Birds for ease will bathe in me,
Hoof will get no scathe in me,
Women having bare brown feet
Will tread on me their patterns neat.

On the children's holiday
I will help them at their play ;
Last of all, a man shall use
Me quadrated for his house.



P R O S E

THE YOUNG NOVEL

By M. T. H. SADLER

Retrospect—Two neglected novels—Suggestions for the compilation of a reading list
—Bibliography of noteworthy young novels

ENGLISH fiction, like English poetry and English painting, does not lend itself, without fanciful analogy, to treatment by school or tendency. Whereas in France artistic consciousness is highly—perhaps too highly—developed and criticism finds to its hand a framework, like a figure of Euclid or a genealogical table, on which to base appreciative design, in England manifold influences cross and re-cross, forming a pattern like a mediæval background, a pattern of netted stars.

The great breadth of subject treated by contemporary English novelists increases the difficulty of analysis. At the same time, this catholicity of matter and manner is the result of the outstanding characteristic of young fiction, a characteristic which it is essential to grasp, if the writers are to receive the amount and kind of attention they deserve. The novel to-day is a manifesto; it is the writer's confession of faith. Time was when the novelist wrote a story—tragic, dramatic, tender or humorous—for the diversion of his readers. This more or less frivolous purpose in novel writing still survives; indeed there is no reason why it should ever disappear. But the monopoly of the "leisure-moment novel" was broken in the late eighties by the coming of the realists, the first successors to Thomas Hardy, the first English disciples of the French. Realism, pure and simple, gave way to symbolism, mysticism, neo-mediævalism and the hundred other "isms" with which the nineties strove to drug themselves against a tawdry actuality. From the welter of those hyper-cultured years emerge a few now famous novelists. Joseph Conrad, romantic, wanderer, laureate of the sea and of tropical distances; H. G. Wells, the first of the modern novelist-politicians, scientist and constructive satirist; John Galsworthy, the æsthetic humanitarian. Contemporary but of narrower significance are George Moore, a true

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artist in prose with a passion for delicate analysis of sexual emotion but a slave to the faults as well as to the virtues of the French authors whose disciple he is ; Maurice Hewlett, a present-day romantic in the garb of a coloured past ; Edith Wharton, pupil of Henry James, ruthlessly mocking in her coldly perfect style the foibles of an age and land of parvenus ; Frank Harris, master of the short story, dramatist and *révolté*.

They were the years immediately before the war that produced the group who are to-day the leaders of the "young novelists." And with their coming all limitations on the scope of the novel fell away. The writers tried to see themselves and their friends in the setting of daily life. They were realists but also romantics ; they felt a vast dissatisfaction but often it was vague and undirected. Hence their books are sometimes almost "problem" books, but never quite so bitterly propagandist as that phrase implies ; they are often largely love stories but never wholly, in the old sense, novels of sex. These years saw the introduction of the "autobiographical" novel, at which it is now the fashion, rather unreasonably, to scoff. Unreasonably, because the young writer, groping his way towards a conception of a nobler life, must inevitably follow, at the outset, the paths of his own experience. He has felt injustice and seen cruelty ; is it unlikely that his indignation should have a tinge of egoism, that, in hatred of others' selfishness, he should himself appear selfish ? His treatment of adolescence, of the awakening of the individual to sex, cannot in the nature of things show much variation ; nor can he be expected to gloss over, much less to ignore altogether, the most tremendous threshold on the way from childhood to maturity.

With all their faults—and they are sometimes affected, sometimes trivial, and frequently lacking in humour—these books have a certain nobility. They are nearly always chivalrous ; they show an intense love of beauty alike in nature and humanity ; and they are sincere, because they have their foundations in the idealism of the writer.

If influences must be named, I should ascribe, with all reserve, the chief importance in the evolution of these young novelists to Samuel Butler and to the Russians ; or, more particularly, to *The Way of All Flesh* and to Dostoieffsky. Thomas Hardy is, of course, a vital element ; the devotion to a particular countryside, the determination to face meanness and even baseness of motive in the characters who, conventionally, could be called hero and heroine, are, in the main, legacies of the Wessex tales. (Such

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harshness towards the central *male* character is found in Thackeray and frequently in Meredith ; but Hardy does not spare his heroines and so carries the tendency to ruthless realism another step forward.) Here and there the influence of Dickens and, more recently still, of Fielding, Smollett and Sterne, may be detected. But it is Samuel Butler, with his slanting irony and his contempt for form and symmetry, and the Russians with their dispassionate absorption in human act and motive, their fearless probing of accepted standards of honour and morality, that the young men and women, consciously or unconsciously, are following to-day. The immediate influence of *Jean Christophe* on the output of autobiographical novels is almost too obvious to mention. Finally the importance, as philosophical background, of Freud should not be neglected.

I have hinted that the "realistic" novel and the "novel of sex" no longer exist in the form implied by these now almost offensive phrases. The purely sensual attitude towards sex, fashioned into artistry by George Moore but distorted almost to Satanism by the lesser craftsmen of the nineties, has become merged in a healthier but no less candid curiosity. Not that the old puritanism has quite disappeared. There are cases of admirable modern novels in which the central figure, while eagerly observing every aspect of the squalor and vice of his age, remains himself pleasantly unscathed. I think this may be accounted for by the fact that the central figure of the autobiographical novel is nearly always, within limits, a self-portrait. Granted that the novel represents the idealism of the author, it is only natural that he should present himself as, in his heart of hearts, he would like himself to be. The most recent developments of all are tending to remove this blemish, if blemish it can be called. I see a time coming when the vogue of the frail hero or heroine will become nearly as tiresome as that of the comparative Galahad.

The increased demand in recent years for translations of modern novels from other languages than the French, German and Italian is not without interest. The Dutchman Louis Couperus, the Swede Selma Lagerlöf and, above all, the crowd of Russians cannot fail, the two first to make, the last named to deepen their mark on the native literature of an England that more and more is coming to read their books.

The year 1911 saw the publication of the first books of D. H. Lawrence, J. D. Beresford, Compton Mackenzie and Gilbert Cannan. Of these writers I consider D. H. Lawrence to be unquestionably the

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finest artist. *The White Peacock*, formless, tempestuous, even absurd as it occasionally is, marks a new epoch alike in character drawing and in vision of nature. It is a Monticelli *fête galante* among fields and woodlands of Cézanne. *Sons and Lovers*, published two years later, is by many considered a greater book. Technically it is more controlled; the passion is harnessed to the tale. But I miss the unearthly beauty of the earlier novel which weaves, seemingly without threads of fact or happening, a magic web of sunlight, sorrow and uneasy strength. Since *Sons and Lovers* Lawrence has shipwrecked on his countrymen's sense of what is decent. *The Rainbow* is dominated by dissatisfied sex-longing. If it had been a first book, one could marvel freely at the astounding sinews of the writer's power, at his flaming love of bodily perfection, of landscape, of humble minds. But he has shown himself able to leave out, and that is the rarest talent in an artist. So much of what has offended in *The Rainbow* is implicit in his earlier books that it is not perhaps unreasonable to plead for reticence, if reticence can bring to the world beauty, which must otherwise stifle under the weight of puritan tradition.

Beresford, Mackenzie and Cannan all made their names from books tracing the development of a boy or of a family through childhood and adolescence to maturity. The trilogy of Jacob Stahl (*The Early History of Jacob Stahl*, *A Candidate for Truth*, *The Invisible Event*), *Sinister Street* and *Round the Corner* have so much but little else in common. Perhaps Beresford is the most solid, the most virile and simple of the three. His life story of Jacob Stahl is very long, but it is closely knit and patiently contrived. There is something of the architectural training of more than one of his heroes in the workmanship of Beresford's books. Also he is quite free from a rawness noticeable in Mackenzie and Cannan, as well as in a host of less distinguished young writers, that rawness which shrinks self-consciously from applauding or even from expressing the simpler and more homely virtues and emotions.

Compton Mackenzie is an incurable romantic. He has a lighter touch and a more nimble mind than the others of his group. Also he is infinitely wittier than they. *Sinister Street*, with its two long volumes, is a monument of whimsical observation and critical tenderness. The style is fluid and endless in its variation. Sometimes it suffers from the author's passion for words and becomes too ornate, like the late fifteenth century churches of the Cotswold towns he loves so well. But Mackenzie can create a

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modern girl as can few else, and his real achievement, properly enough in a romantic, is the love story. Perhaps I shall rouse disagreement if I say that his books have steadily grown better. If however, as I believe, this is the truth, it is of all promising signs the greatest. *Carnival* seems crude beside *Sinister Street* and that, in its turn, is overloaded and almost florid when compared with the exquisite delicacy of *Guy and Pauline*.

Gilbert Cannan is a fertile writer and unequal. He has been known to play the *enfant terrible* and the world cannot be blamed if they regard his work with slight uneasiness. Readers dislike Pierrot when they are themselves in search of humanity. There is an impishness about Cannan—Beardsley and Conder had the same quality—that, when kept within bounds, gives his books an irresistible flavour and keenness. *Round the Corner*, *Young Earnest*, *Old Mole*, and *Mendel* are all rapidly exciting, vivid as sparkling wine. But, like wine, they are apt to over-stimulate and, when the reaction comes, are remembered as glitter and froth, rather lacking in body, somehow a trifle insincere. Two recent books, *Three Pretty Men* and *The Stucco House*, are more sedate, as though the author had obscurely realised his weakness. But flat champagne is not burgundy and I felt regrets for absent brilliance and little gratitude for present respectability.

Any catalogue of the younger generation would be merely wearisome. No brief article can cover the crowded ground of modern fiction. The bibliography in Appendix II. will, I hope, supply some of the gaps. The war has brought no coherence to the English novel. It has been claimed as the solution of all uncertainties, the natural end to all revolt and discontent. But that end is not yet. Novels reflect the turbulence of an Europe moving towards revolution. It is the duty of the serious reader to follow the signs of the times.

While, however, there is little profit in attempting to list the little-known successors to the writers I have been discussing, it cannot be denied that the danger of fine achievement being overlooked has much increased since the war. Everyone is busy; novel reviewing has become, through lack of space and staff, perfunctory; the obscurantism and worse of the lending libraries, the inertia of the average book-seller thrive on the pre-occupied unhappiness of war-time novel readers. Perhaps, in conclusion, it would not be amiss to draw attention to two recent books, neither of which has won the notice it deserves.

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TWO NEGLECTED NOVELS :

(a) *The Romantic Woman* by Bridget Maclagan (Mrs. Borden Turner). Published 1916.

The power of this book does not lie in originality of subject. The theme is, in itself, hackneyed enough. The daughter of a Chicago millionaire marries the heir to an English dukedom and in due course becomes a duchess. The thing has been done a thousand times, but never with such disquieting brilliance as in this amazing book. I say "disquieting" advisedly. Ourselves as we are may form a fascinating, but never a comforting picture, and, with a satire all the more telling for its restraint and melancholy, Mrs. Borden Turner strips the clothes from rich America and noble England and leaves them naked. The result is rather pitiful and by putting into the mouth of her heroine the tragicomedy of a marriage between the new world and the old, the author becomes for us herself the Romantic Woman, telling to the world this tale of effort, failure and triumph.

The book opens with the first piece of genuine Cubism in writing I have yet encountered.* Across that dinner table at Saracens' the uneasy spirits of the men and women present blend into a haze of flickering conflict. But analyse the texture closely and it is composed of myriad intersecting touches, hard, nervous, brightly coloured. The style glitters with sudden metaphor :

"And Louise's voice shrilled down the table . . . We hung there suspended, as though that voice were a nail that had nailed us awkwardly, helplessly, flapping against a wall—a blank wall."

And so on through the book. The constant jar of personalities, the

* There have recently been several attempts in novel-writing to approximate literary style to advanced pictorial technique. One thinks immediately of Dorothy Richardson's books: *Pointed Roofs*, *Backwater*, *Honeycomb* (and a fourth to come); of James Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*; of Ronald Firbank's *Vainglory*, *Inclinations* and *Caprice*. But Dorothy Richardson allows manner to outrun content and jerks herself, more than once, beyond the limit of what she has to say; James Joyce is not sure enough of his technique to avoid that most dangerous pitfall of the innovator—obscurity; while Ronald Firbank's novels seem to me to stress mere anarchism at the disastrous expense of constructive thought. But I find none of these failings in *The Romantic Woman*. The author is mistress of her style and tempers language and syntax to the changes in her plot. She never cubes for cubings sake.

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effect of sudden noise, the ache of mutual misunderstanding—it is of these vividly-felt antagonisms that the story of the Romantic Woman is composed.

Joan Fairfax is the only daughter of Chicago's leading millionaire. With her brothers and their friends, she and her girl friends grow through the violent and precocious stages of wealthy American childhood and adolescence. The huge city to which they belong has imparted to them its directness of good and evil. They are hard, clear and elementary. Joan alone of the young people has a basis of sombre uncertainty, a kind of timid wonder that blossoms into wise tolerance. She belongs more to the old world than to the new, but not entirely to either—and that is her unhappiness and ultimately her salvation.

With her father she comes to London and thence to India. The picture of Anglo-Indian society is pitilessly true. At home she was old, mature almost, contrasted with the exuberant *naïveté* of Chicago. In India she is faced with the weary and inscrutable refinement of an ancient and exhausted stock. The men—casual, indistinct, gentle in their courtesy and scorn; the women—smooth, brutal, non-moral like Claire Hobbes, warm-hearted and squalid like Molly Tripp—at once terrify and fascinate the virgin from a more definite, less cynical land.

Joan's loneliness is the poignant fact in a profoundly moving tale. She marries a captain in the Indian Army. He is physically beautiful but sensually degenerate; also, according to his lights, honourable and even an idealist. When Joan is first with child, he is embarrassed and flippant. She expects to be taken in his arms with murmured words of pride. But that is not the way of Binky's class. Her early passion for him is flecked first with fear (not physical fear but the terror of the incomprehensible), then with contempt and dislike. At the end, with the coming of the war and the shattering of the old England of ease and unreality, she wins him, and the art with which that victory is told is complete and perfect in its mastery.

Scene after scene of almost painful clearness gleams out and vanishes. Ebenezer Sprott Church to which Joan's mother went with such devoted regularity. The fight with the "Micks" on the vacant lot between the lake-side palaces. Joan and her father at night, after Mrs. Fairfax's death. The encounter in Kensington Gardens between Claire Hobbes and Binky's son on the one hand and, on the other, Binky's wife.

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Tea on the terrace at Saracens. The week-end in mid-winter at Otrago Lake, when that assembly of tortured souls feign frantic gaiety in the bitter cold of a snow-bound shingle house. The reckoning between the triumvirate in Joan's bedroom in New York. And, last of all, the final tragedy in the distant wing at Saracens', where among the armour and relics of mediæval England the nerves of modern America strain and snap.

(b) *The History of an Attraction* by Basil Creighton. Published 1917.

This is an altogether different type of book. While I am genuinely amazed that *The Romantic Woman*, passionate, actual, a piece of kindly but dramatic realism, should have passed virtually unnoticed, there is about Basil Creighton's novel a reticence and a purely æsthetic intensity that may be poor equipment for strident times. And yet *The History of an Attraction* would not be the achievement it is, were there ever so small a hint of clamour, ever so slight an unbending in the aloofness of its artistry. The very title strikes the key-note, a note of restraint and quietness. Like an English garden, the book makes no arrogant claim ; it is satisfied to be within its modest limits, complete.

These limits are the character and interplay of motive of a young man and two girls. Typical of the author's method are the facts that the hero is throughout known to the reader simply as "Rayson" (his christian name is mentioned once or twice but it has no significance), that of his background and family we are given and require no details, that the two girls are "Anita" and "Janet" (again they have other names but I have forgotten them and they do not matter), that no political or social reference indicates the date at which the story is taking place, only the mode of travel, the incidentals of daily life suggesting some period not long before the war. Ruthlessly every irrelevant detail has been cut away, every touch of obvious realism that might distract from or interfere with the study of impulse and mutual reaction. This clearing of the ground is, incidentally, a sign of high courage in the author ; deliberately he deprives himself of cover. A notation of mental tones and half-tones is hazardous music to the novice and, like the loud pedal to the unpractised piano player, a running murmur of names, a show of travel-knowledge, the infinite distractions of realities skilfully introduced, can be used to slur over awkward themes in the elusive melody of idea and often unspoken

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purpose. There is the pride of a real artist in this challenge to the world to judge his book as reading of character and as that alone.

Unsensational, quietly evolving, patiently and meticulously told, the story glides remorselessly to its end. It is not a very human story, if by that is meant warm blood and heroics. It is certainly not, in the accepted sense, very dramatic. But Piero della Francesca did not paint very human or very dramatic pictures and I am constantly reminded of the pale colours and sensitive fineness of that superb artist by the delicacy and limpid vision of this unassuming book.

There are criticisms, of course ; more obviously so than in the case of *The Romantic Woman*, for Basil Creighton is evidently younger in mind (and probably in years as well) than Mrs. Borden Turner and one misses the mellow tolerance of her strange, wry smile at fate. But they are not very serious criticisms. One is that the rebound from Anita to Janet is not quite convincing. Such a high standard of detailed argument in phases of mental change is set by the rest of the book that any " skimping " is doubly plain. One feels the want of some explanation, not of Janet's lure for that, to me at least, is obvious and potent, but of Rayson's rapid change. Another, in itself utterly trivial, jars the appreciation of the passionate care of style. How, in a story self-evidently dated before the war, could Rayson (as on p. 124) feel " he was being cornered like a conscientious objector to farm service " ? I hope in any future edition Basil Creighton will delete this small but irritating lapse.

A third criticism (not mine but made to me by a friend to whom I had lent the book) is more general and directed at *The History of an Attraction* as one of a group of modern novels, rather than an individual case. "All these young men seem to have nothing to do and lots of money to do it with."

From the strictly æsthetic point of view this is no fair criticism. The artist selects his subject and if we do not like it we can leave it. But in the matter of novels, documents as they are of modern life and manners, a charge of inaccurate or partial realism is not wholly negligible. Certainly the life story of a stockbroker or a provincial doctor or a clergyman or a manufacturer of jam would be a pleasant change from that of the onlooker with private means and endless leisure (as is Michael Fane in *Sinister Street*) or from the painter, journalist, playwright, novelist or Bohemian loungeur, which ninety out of every hundred heroes of modern novels

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become. But then, if Rayson had worked in an office from ten to five every day but Saturday, *The History of an Attraction* would not have been as it is or perhaps not written at all. And there I prefer to leave the matter, because these alternatives, the book being so excellent, are rather terrible . . . The only remedy seems to be so to educate our business and professional classes that irresistibly they devote their leisure hours to throwing the story of their lives into fictional form for the edification of the world and the improvement of their relations and acquaintances.



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APPENDICES.

NOTE.—This section and the bibliography that follows deal solely with “young novels,” that is to say with books by young men and women in one of the varied current traditions. Authors of the generation of Wells, Conrad, Galsworthy and Bennett are deliberately omitted, however living and powerful may be their influence on the younger writers. If there are books in my concluding list not known to some readers of *New Paths* and if they do me the honour of wishing to read such books, the reading list suggestions will not be immediately required. But there is the future to think of, for bibliographies have a fatal habit of getting out of date. Finally, if apology be needed for the peremptoriness and egoism of these suggestions, it is freely offered.

I

HOW TO COMPILE A READING LIST OF YOUNG NOVELS.

- (1) Select and read regularly two or three periodicals that give attention to novels and in whose judgment you have confidence. The *Times Literary Supplement*, the *New Statesman* and the *Manchester Guardian* are my own choice. Others may prefer the *Saturday Westminster*, the *Athenæum*, the *Daily News* or perhaps the *Bookman*.

It is entertaining and often valuable to act on the converse of this. I owe acquaintance with Rose Macaulay's *Non-combatants* (except *Mr. Britling Sees it Through*, the best civilian war novel yet published), to an unfavourable review in *Punch*. Being consistently out of sympathy with the brand of patriotism affected by this paper, I guessed that a war novel which irritated a *Punch* reviewer would probably please me.

- (2) As important as reviews are publishers' advertisements, and it is essential that some sense be acquired of the relative standing in novel-publishing of the various houses. The advertisements issued by Chatto & Windus, Constable, Duckworth, Grant Richards, Heinemann, Secker and Sidgwick & Jackson will contain the bulk of *significant* young novels, although, as my bibliography will show, this list is not exclusive.
- (3) While it is not necessary to believe what the publisher says of his own wares, any indication of a novel being the author's first, second or even third book should be noted and the reviews of such books compared. Do not be misled by talk of innumerable copies sold. Young novels are not welcomed by the trade; indeed, every attempt is made to smother them. In deciding what is worth the reading you must rely, not on vague claims to popular success but on the publisher's summary of the contents of the book (he naturally wishes to sell it), on the reviewer (who, in a journal of standing, is an impartial and competent critic) and on yourself.
- (4) Remember authors' names rather than titles. Only by this means can the young novelist be helped. Identification by title deprives him, when he publishes his next book, of a good part of the impetus his first success

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should ensure. The person who recommends a novel but cannot remember the author's name is probably no serious reader. Once more the lending-libraries are on the side of darkness; their periodical lists are primarily lists of titles. Obviously, on such a system, a reading list must be ephemeral and without continuity.

II

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF NOTEWORTHY YOUNG NOVELS

NOTE.—Readers will doubtless find many gaps in this schedule. It does not pretend to be inclusive, as no human being can read every novel published in the hope of finding it a worthy product of "young fiction." Here and there I have included books I do not personally consider successful. The classification is necessarily rough, but it is intended to give some indication of the scope and purpose of the novels. Where a book merits inclusion in more than one category, I have not scrupled to repeat it.

I. *CHILDHOOD TO THE MIDDLE TWENTIES*: i.e., so-called "autobiographical" novels, describing the life and character of a boy, a girl, or a family from infancy or from adolescence to maturity.

ANSTRUTHER, E. H.

The Farm Servant

(Allen & Unwin)

AUMONIER, STACY

Just Outside

(Methuen)

A great advance on the author's first book, *Olga Bardel*.

BERESFORD, J. D.

The Early History of Jacob Stahl

(Sidgwick & Jackson)

A Candidate for Truth

(Sidgwick & Jackson)

The Invisible Event

(Sidgwick & Jackson)

A trilogy.

BROWN, IVOR

Years of Plenty

(Secker)

BULLETT, G. W.

The Progress of Kay

(Constable)

CANNAN, GILBERT

Round the Corner

(Secker)

Three Pretty Men and *The Stucco House* deal with characters who occur in *Round the Corner*.

Mendel

(Unwin)

Bibliography of Noteworthy Young Novels

- CASEY, W. F.
Haphazard (Constable)
- DAWSON, CONINGSBY
The Garden Without Walls (Heinemann)
- DELAFIELD, E. M.
Zella Sees Herself (Heinemann)
- JOYCE, JAMES
Portrait of The Artist as a Young Man (Egoist)
- JESSE, F. TENNYSON
Secret Bread (Heinemann)
- LAWRENCE, D. H.
Sons and Lovers (Duckworth)
- LEADBITTER, ERIC
Rain Before Seven (Allen & Unwin)
 This author's second book, *The Road to Nowhere*, shows a disappointing falling off.
- LOW, IVY
Growing Pains (Heinemann)
- McFEE, WILLIAM
Casuals of the Sea (Secker)
- MACKENZIE, COMPTON
Sinister Street (Secker)
- MANN, D. S.
Elliott Ltd. (Sidgwick & Jackson)
- McKENNA, STEPHEN
Sonia (Methuen)
- *MAUGHAM, W. SOMERSET
Of Human Bondage (Heinemann)
- RICHARDSON, DOROTHY
Pointed Roofs (Duckworth)
Backwater (Duckworth)
Honeycomb (Duckworth)

These three books, with one not yet published, form a single narrative.

Bibliography of Noteworthy Young Novels

SELINCOURT, HUGH DE

Realms of Day

(Nisbet)

SHEPPARD, A. TRESSIDER

The Rise of Ledgar Dunstan

(Duckworth)

The Quest of Ledgar Dunstan

(Duckworth)

SIDGWICK, ETHEL

Promise

(Sidgwick & Jackson)

Succession

(Sidgwick & Jackson)

SULLIVAN, J. N. W.

An Attempt at Life

(Grant Richards)

An unusually restrained and forcibly simple book.

*SYRETT, NETTA

The Victorians

(Fisher Unwin)

Rose Cottingham Married

(Fisher Unwin)

WALPOLE, HUGH

Fortitude

(Secker)

II. *ACTUALITIES*: Modern psychology; commentary and satire on modern manners. To this class belong the novels of, from a slightly earlier generation, OLIVER ONIONS, VIOLET HUNT, Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES, ELINOR MORDAUNT, MAY SINCLAIR, and, of the young generation proper, VIOLA MEYNELL and AMBER REEVES. Strangely enough, one of the greatest influences on young novels of this class is that of E. M. FORSTER, himself a "young novelist." His chief books are listed below.

ANONYMOUS

Jenny Essenden

(Melrose)

A dramatic novel of post-war politics.

BASHFORD, H. H.

Pity the Poor Blind

(Constable)

BERESFORD, J. D.

The House in Demetrius Road

(Heinemann)

DOUGLAS, NORMAN

South Wind

(Secker)

*W. S. Maugham and Netta Syrett belong really to an earlier generation, but the novels here given conform so successfully to the modern tradition, that I have included them.

Bibliography of Noteworthy Young Novels

FORSTER, E. M.

| | |
|-----------------------------------|----------|
| <i>The Room With a View</i> | (Arnold) |
| <i>Where Angels Fear To Tread</i> | (Arnold) |
| <i>Howard's End</i> | (Arnold) |

GEORGE, W. L.

| | |
|------------------------------------|-------------|
| <i>The Making of an Englishman</i> | (Constable) |
|------------------------------------|-------------|

MACAULAY, ROSE

| | |
|------------------------------|----------------------|
| <i>The Making of a Bigot</i> | (Hodder & Stoughton) |
|------------------------------|----------------------|

McKENNA, STEPHEN

| | |
|--------------|-----------|
| <i>Sonia</i> | (Methuen) |
|--------------|-----------|

MACLAGAN, BRIDGET

| | |
|---------------------------|-------------|
| <i>The Romantic Woman</i> | (Constable) |
|---------------------------|-------------|

SIDGWICK, ETHEL

| | |
|--------------------------|----------------------|
| <i>A Lady of Leisure</i> | (Sidgwick & Jackson) |
| <i>Duke Jones</i> | (Sidgwick & Jackson) |

TREMAINE, HERBERT

| | |
|-------------------------|----------------|
| <i>Two Who Declined</i> | (Smith, Elder) |
|-------------------------|----------------|

WILKINSON, LOUIS U.

| | |
|--------------------|-------------|
| <i>The Buffoon</i> | (Constable) |
|--------------------|-------------|

WOOLF, L. S.

| | |
|---|----------|
| <i>The Wise Virgins</i> | (Arnold) |
| An interesting study of a Jewish family in an outer suburb of London. | |

WOOLF, VIRGINIA

| | |
|-----------------------|-------------|
| <i>The Voyage Out</i> | (Duckworth) |
|-----------------------|-------------|

III. NOVELS OF SEX AND LOVE STORIES

CREIGHTON, BASIL

| | |
|-------------------------------------|-------------------|
| <i>The History of an Attraction</i> | (Chatto & Windus) |
|-------------------------------------|-------------------|

LAWRENCE, D. H.

| | |
|--------------------------|-------------|
| <i>The White Peacock</i> | (Duckworth) |
| <i>The Trespasser</i> | (Duckworth) |

MACKENZIE, COMPTON

| | |
|------------------------|----------|
| <i>Guy and Pauline</i> | (Secker) |
|------------------------|----------|

Bibliography of Noteworthy Young Novels

MURRY, J. MIDDLETON

Still Life

(Constable)

SWINNERTON, FRANK

The Chaste Wife

(Secker)

Nocturne

(Secker)

The action of this book takes place during a single evening and night.

IV. " *REALISTIC* " *NOVELS*: including books of definite local interest whether in Great Britain or abroad. To this class belong JOHN TREVENA'S three great Dartmoor novels, *Furze the Cruel*, *Granite* and *Heather*. Trevena's other works do not, unfortunately, merit much attention.

ANONYMOUS.

Helen of Four Gates

(Jenkins)

A mill girl's story, set among the northern Pennines.

BURKE, THOMAS.

Limehouse Nights

(Grant Richards)

Twinkletoes

(Grant Richards)

Tales of the Chinatown in East London. *The Hooligan Nights* by Clarence Rook dealt some eighteen years ago with the under-world of Lambeth, but in a spirit of humorous tolerance rather than in one of vivid impressionism.

ERVINE, ST. JOHN

Mrs. Martin's Man

(Maunsel)

EVANS, CARADOC

My People

(Melrose)

Capel Sion

(Melrose)

Scathing studies of rural manners in one part of Wales.

JOYCE, JAMES

Dubliners

(Grant Richards)

Admirable studies of life in Dublin. The book is more satisfying than *The Portrait of The Artist as a Young Man*, because the thought is more concise.

KAYE-SMITH, SHEILA

Isle of Thorns

(Constable)

Sussex Gorse

(Nisbet)

LAWRENCE, D. H.

The White Peacock

(Duckworth)

The story is laid in the neighbourhood of Nottingham.

Bibliography of Noteworthy Young Novels

MACGILL, PATRICK

Children of the Dead End

(Jenkins)

The Rat-Pit

(Jenkins)

MACKENZIE, COMPTON

Carnival

(Secker)

RICHARDSON, HENRY HANDEL

Maurice Guest

(Heinemann)

Leipsic and world of music-students in Germany form the setting of this long and powerful story.

ROY, JEAN

Fields of the Fatherless

(Collins)

The autobiography of a domestic servant.

STEPHENS, JAMES

The Charwoman's Daughter

(Macmillan)

WEBB, MARY

Gone to Earth

(Constable)

Conceived somewhat in the Trevena tradition, this striking book shows a fierce love of landscape, animal life and local legend on the Welsh border.

V. WAR NOVELS

ERVINE, ST. JOHN

Changing Winds

(Maunsel)

GOLDRING, DOUGLAS

The Fortune

(Maunsel)

HAMILTON, MARY AGNES

Dead Yesterday

(Heinemann)

LYNCH, BOHUN

Unofficial

(Secker)

MACAULAY, ROSE

Non-Combatants

(Hodder & Stoughton)

PALMER, JOHN

The King's Men

(Secker)

SELINCOURT, HUGH DE

A Soldier of Life

(Constable)

Bibliography of Noteworthy Young Novels

TREMAINE, HERBERT

The Feet of The Young Men

(C. W. Daniel)

WALPOLE, HUGH

The Dark Forest

(Secker)

VI. "PROPAGANDA" NOVELS: social and political, exclusive of war-novels

DANE, CLEMENCE

Regiment of Women

(Heinemann)

LUNN, ARNOLD

The Harrovians

(Methuen)

WAUGH, ALEC

The Loom of Youth

(Grant Richards)

These three books attack the existing educational system in public schools both for boys and girls.

VII. STORIES OF CHILDHOOD:

BULLETT, G. W.

The Progress of Kay

(Constable)

SMITH, BERTRAM

Days of Discovery

(Constable)

This book inevitably challenges comparison with *The Golden Age* and *Dream-Days*. In my opinion it is a finer achievement than these well-known studies of childhood because it is more robust, more humorous and never sentimental. Perhaps it is less "charming" but I doubt the suitability of "charm" in dealing with a family of active boys.

VIII. MISCELLANEOUS:

CHILDE, WILFRED

Dream English

(Constable)

MANN, FRANCIS O.

The Devil in a Numery

(Constable)

The first of these books is a romance of the type associated with William Morris, that is to say its mediævalism is strongly tinged with idealism for the future. The second book is a collection of stories of mediæval life.

STEPHENS, JAMES

The Crock of Gold

(Macmillan)

A fantastic romance of Irish fairy legend and peasant humour.



PARTI CARRE

By PHILIP GUEDALLA

Presenting

A Young Gentleman : by Mr. T S H . R . Y

A Young Lady : by Mr. J H C . N . . D

A Young Man : by the late Mr. W . L . . R P . T . R
and

A Young Person : by Mr. C . M P . . N M . C . E . Z . E

THE PREBENDARY OF YEOMINSTER

By Mr. T S H . R . Y

I



THE late September sun dropped towards the western horizon and, displaying an admirable and surprising knowledge of local topography and antiquities, illuminated laterally an enormous number of places, which lie (or used to lie until the London and South Western Railway Company drove a branch line through the neighbourhood and altered all their names) on the umbrageous confines of Nether Wessex. It shone with a wealth of religious and architectural reminiscence upon the high-piled

ogees and archivolts of Yeominster Cathedral, and it looked rather knowingly with a sidelong glance into the back windows of off-licence beerhouses in the vicinity of the cattle-market. Its observations also included Ibchester, the two Yaxleys, the valley of the Swale, the long line of ridges that culminates in Sow's Beacon,

and four villages of the name of Sneed. It drove horizontal spears of yellow light between the legs of sheep that did not know that by the following Tuesday their internal economy would be exposed in the butchers' shops of Yeominster High Street, and it derived a particular satisfaction from eliciting shiny reflections from the convex faces of milkmaids unaware at the moment that before the year was out they would sleep, without the irritating necessity of rising early to fetch the morning milk, in the village churchyard. It shone with creditable artistry, but without enthusiasm, because it recognised that its operations were irrefragably prescribed by the Unreasoning Cause. Then, remembering an engagement in the Southern Hemisphere, it went below the horizon.

To a pedestrian proceeding along the lower road from Bishops Yaxley to Yaxley Admiral the scene was not without its beauty or, since he was in holy orders, its moral; and the young Fellow and Chaplain of St. Willibald's College, Oxenfordingbridge, whistled with a fervour that was almost laical as he shifted his *rucksack* from one shoulder-blade to the other. The Reverend Mark Over, whose heavy chestnut beard was now gemmed with the increasing dew of evening, was of a sanguine and cheerful temperament, and when he did not whistle, he sang as he passed between the thick hedgerows.

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?" he carolled in the old Mid-Wessex catch, when to his astonishment the answering antistrophe was wafted to his ears from behind the hedge in a voice that was indubitably female.

"Can you, my dear young lady," he exclaimed as the voice died away, "can you direct me to Ranunculus Cottage? I am bound for the hospitable roof of Farmer Buttons, but such is the bewilderment of an unfamiliar vicinity that I am unable to locate it with any degree of exactitude."

"Oh yes, Sir," said a demure young person gracefully climbing the hedge and dropping him a modest curtsey, which disclosed the charm of her downcast eyes, "I am his daughter, and I am going home as soon as I have set the badger-gins in the spinney."

"My name is Over," he said with a glance of frank admiration, "Mark Over; what is yours?"

"Pearl," she replied simply, and as they disappeared together in the rising mist, a third figure, hitherto undisclosed, detached itself from the

Parti Carré

surrounding dusk. Indeed from the circumstance that its owner climbed heavily out of the ditch and shook a toad from his sleeve it might appear that he had not courted observation by his two predecessors.

The young clergyman and his graceful guide vanished down the lane which led through Yaxley Admiral to Sneed Canonieorum, whilst the lights of Sneed Regis twinkled cheerfully on their right against the black bulk of Bilberry Down; and Jim Barley, who was a handsome, if lonely man of thirty-two, mechanically resumed his work before a heap of sows' ears which he was converting into silk purses against Yeominster market day.

XIV

When Farmer Buttons was found hanging in his own cheese-loft in the second quarter of the moon of an exceptionally early lambing season, Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk, old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all assembled in the single room which did duty for bar, ladies' bar, tap-room, commercial room and assembly room at "The Three Jolly Coroners," and lamented the fact that the Yaxley String Septette would have to look for a new second euphonium. They also adverted tastefully to the approaching departure of his daughter, whom the breath of rumour had seared with burning shame. For it was whispered behind the mangers and over the pig-tubs of Sneed that the strange young clergyman, whose cheerful presence was remembered in the village, had kissed her above the wrist, after four o'clock of the afternoon, and without the accompaniment of any elderly female relative on the mother's side. The shame, which had killed the father, was said to be driving the wretched daughter to seek her fortune so far as eight miles away from her native village. And so the reckless train of gossip was set running round the darkening room, until a heavy footfall in the passage reminded the company that Jim Barley, her faithful lover who had not changed his suit since they were boy and girl together, was close at hand, and that his fist, if not his illusions, must be respected.

XXIV

An observer standing in the nave of Yeominster Cathedral and enumerating its characteristics from *Parker's Handbook of Gothic*

Parti Carré

Architecture would hardly have had time before the light failed to notice the handsome white-haired Prebendary who was leaning, ghastly pale, out of the rood-loft at the most critical portion of the marriage service, which he was conducting from that elevated situation; and he certainly would not have recognised in this stately minister of religion the young Chaplain who had sought rest at Ranunculus Cottage during his convalescence after an attack of brain fever contracted from doubts experienced during the perusal of *Essays and Reviews*. Nor would he, unless he had followed this story with exceptional attention, have observed that the couple before him were none other than Jim Barley and Pearl Buttons, so soon to be Pearl Barley.

STRAIN

By Mr. J H C . N . . D



THE story that he had been telling us had gone on for about eighteen hours, when Marlow stopped a passing firefly and relit his Banda cheroot for the ninth time. There were five of us, including the club steward who had been waiting to go to bed since about ten o'clock on the previous evening. An intelligible desire, even in a steward with an exceptional taste for anecdote. There had been more of us originally; but even in Sourabaya there are persons without leisure for a purely narrative existence, and the circle of vacant chairs in which we sat was as eloquent of defeat as the emptied saddles of a returning cavalry patrol.

Sirius hung vividly in a pale green sky above the dusty bushes, and inside the lit-windows of the *salon* behind us the second-rate club dinner of the Pelikaan pursued its jerky course to the booming accompaniment of the monsoon.

Frint, who was always supposed in the port to have been a lawyer at home because he bullied the peons and never listened to what we said, was gripped with a sudden reminiscence of the rules of evidence. "We can't have that, you know," he said, waving a forensic forefinger, "you

mustn't tell us what she said that he told her they thought was going on ; it's hearsay." Marlow blew out his firefly and sat back heavily in the cane chair ; then he resumed.

" Oh yes. It's hearsay all right. You understand that in order to make it easy for you men after your excellent dinner I am only giving you the cream and essence of the thing. I suppose it cost me a month's labour to get it out of little Tarleton, listening to his unending boasts about his Fellowship (he was a Fellow of somewhere once before he learned less valuable accomplishments) and tilting him this way and that, as a gold prospector tilts his pan, until I washed the nugget out of him that I am handing to you fellows between thumb and forefinger. Why did I do it ? Ask me another. I can see him now, sitting vaguely on the edge of his bed and dabbing uncertainly at the floor with a bony foot that protruded aimlessly out of his maroon sleeping-suit. He made them very vivid sometimes, those walks that he had with her when she told him all that he had told her of what they heard about it at the time. Very.

"When I said that the eldest girl was alone there, I was understating it. Yes. She was insulated from everything in a world in which there was nothing else. As she walked, she sometimes wondered why she did not want to shriek. But she had got beyond that in Chapter II or so. This was Chapter VIII, and she knew with a hopeless clarity that she would suffer with an increasing intensity of silence until the end of the story. And then there might be a sequel . . . How she dreaded that sequel . . . There was no movement in the forest except her padding foot-steps on the steaming ground. Once a fever-laden tsetse fly dashed blindly into her face in the darkness of the great tree-trunks, and a creeper paused for an instant in the strangulation of a tree, from which it derived its joy of life, to flick her maliciously across the back. No light penetrated the tightly jammed leaves, except a little local colour, and the intense pressure of the upper vegetation excluded the air so completely as to produce a vacuum below. Birds that flew into it fell suddenly to the ground and startled her.

"After about twenty thousand words of solitude, it seems, she came out on the shore, and the Straits danced and flickered before her eyes under the tightly-fitting cap of the blue sky, whose bevelled edges dropped with an almost audible click into the half circle of sea which they gripped from the etched outcrop of Kapok to the thrusting foreshore of

Parti Carré

Kling Klang Pahang Bang with the echoes of its name dying away to the far north. The black skeleton of the wreck tilted dismally towards her, and she went in under the lee scuppers. Presently there was a sound of shifting packages in the forecastle. 'Axes . . . brandy . . . saws . . . medicine chests . . . camp stools,' a voice dragged its way wearily up the companion, 'collapsible bedsteads . . . adzes . . . awls . . . Was there nothing in this ship that was not useful? O, if only there were a cow-bell or a carved bear,' the voice broke, 'or a cuckoo clock.' She was, as I think I told you, of a Swiss family . . . Robinson."

P. POMPONIUS BUFO

By the late Mr. W . L . . R P . T . R



SICK with much reading of Becker's *Gallus* and Smith's *Dictionary of Antiquities*, the young Publius turned wearily on his curule chair and glanced at the clepsydra. The peristyle was in half darkness, and the stars gleamed faintly above the impluvium as though they too were weary. There was something in his mood that a later poet has interpreted in the sweet, sad enquiry:

*Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten
Dass ich so traurig bin.*

But there was always for him a consolation even in his most mournful reflections over the swift passage of youth and the still more elusive passage of classical allusions. He felt with a faint satisfaction, as he drew the woollen chiton more closely round him and turned towards the brasier of gem-like charcoal, that at least he was living in the end of an age. He knew, and it was a pleasure to him to know it, that Cicero was consul and that the old Roman Republic was drawing to an end. He got out his tablets of yellow wax and tried the stylus thoughtfully against the acanthus wood of his little table; then, as he wrote the heading

Aulo Publius S.D.P.

and dated the letter to his friend, now in Baiae, he reflected with a

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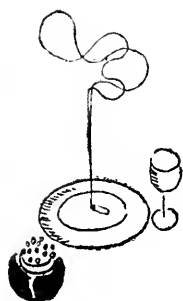
sombre pleasure, which lit up his mind like a torch in a dark cave, that very soon men would no longer date their letters B.C. It was, for Publius and his friends, the end of a dwindling age.

THE HIGH OLD TIME

By Mr. C . M P . . N M . C . E . N . Z . E

VOLUME I

YOUTH :



VERE'S beautiful mother lived in West Kensington because she could not afford to live in Kensington. He was always to remember the house in Winnipeg Road for its peculiar reastiness, and the tradesmen knew it because it was the colour of stale blood.

Vere liked his beautiful mother best late at night, after she had put her lovely golden hair on her dressing table and the *baccarat* players had all gone home. She had a sweet nature and a quiet, diffident air of having strayed in out of another story. But Vere never forgot the look that she gave him when he was allowed to come down to tea one afternoon and broke into the sun-kissed drawing room brimming over with esurience and a desire for prohibited information.

"Mother, what is 'putative,' because Nurse says . . ."

He bore the mark of the sugar basin on his blonde temple for the remainder of the trilogy.

VOLUME II

ADOLESCENCE :

Oxford College, Cambridge, was for Vere a delightful interlude. The line of coronets on the hat-pegs outside Hall caught his eye on the first evening of his residence, and his sight never recovered.

Parti Carré
VOLUME III

MANHOOD :

With a flavour of Dead Sea fruit in his mouth Vere crushed on his hat, and the swing doors of the Aerated bread-shop clashed to behind him. Night after night for fourteen months he had sat there with his poached egg, emptying the cruet recklessly over it and searching in Peggy's eyes for his lost tranquillity, while she tried in the interests of her employers to remember how many pots of tea he was having and talked as much like Miss Dorothy Minto as she could.

The life had been wild ; but, by heaven, it was worth it. And now under a velvet night of quivering stars he turned his back on it and her and London. He had tasted life to the full, and now there was a shortage of paper coming on. He was ready for the peace of Rome. He would become an inquiline upon the Esquiline.



THE DREAM OF DEATH: By HUGH DE SELINCOURT

CHARACTERS :

A Girl

A Young Man (her lover)

A Strange-Looking Man

A Middle-Aged Man

SCENE.—A wood near Worthing in August. A road curves from the right front corner of the stage up-hill to the left back corner. On the right and left are bushes, and by the back middle a fallen tree trunk; the ground slopes away to a little dip, full of dead leaves heaped. Within the bend the curve of the road makes, the ground is covered with mossy grass, which is leaf-sprinkled. The rise of the curtain discovers a young man and a girl, seated on the tree trunk, and along the road passes a strange-looking man wheeling a bicycle. He stares at them as though they were not there. Something eerie affects the lovers in his appearance. They cast furtive glances behind them. They speak in hushed voices.

THE GIRL: Why did that strange-looking man come back? Why did he stare at us?

THE YOUNG MAN: I don't know.

THE GIRL: I'm glad he's gone. (*There is a silence. The Girl takes the Young Man's hand.*) It's wonderful to sit here alone with you . . . to see the sunlight on the trees, to hear the wind whispering among the leaves, to breathe the freshness of the old earth.

THE YOUNG MAN: You make me understand the beauty of life. Listen to the gentle noises of the wood. And look! You can feel the hush of space over the great hills.

THE GIRL: Here the air is sweet (*breathes deeply; there is another pause*).

THE YOUNG MAN: That strange man . . . (*he stops, brooding*).

THE GIRL: Well, dear, what of him?

THE YOUNG MAN: His eyes were frightened. He seemed haunted by some fear.

The Dream of Death

THE GIRL : He frightened me.

THE YOUNG MAN : He fixed his eyes on us with a stare of terror.

THE GIRL : But why ? Why ever should he ?

THE YOUNG MAN : Perhaps he'd sat here with a girl he loved, and perhaps the girl died, or their love died. And the sight of us hurt him more than the memory of the place could have done.

THE GIRL : He frightened me. I'm glad he's gone.

THE YOUNG MAN : When we have gone, he may come back, poor fellow !

THE GIRL : Then do let's go at once !

THE YOUNG MAN : Oh ! It was only my fancy, dear. It's so beautiful here. Let's stay a little longer. Feel safe with me, dear.

THE GIRL : I do.

THE YOUNG MAN : Pet !

The Strange-Looking Man comes quietly back along the road and stops behind them. He stares through and past the lovers, like a man in a dream. The Girl sees him immediately. He is rather like Kipps might might have been at 26.

THE GIRL (*whispers*) : Look ! There he is. (*They are both obliged to look round ; and the Strange Man smiles mirthlessly and vacantly*). Let's go away ! Oh, do let's go away ! I'm frightened.

THE YOUNG MAN : All right. (*They get up ; and the Young Man pulls out his watch and says manfully, that is to say, as unconcernedly as possible.*) We've got a good hour's walk before us ; we'd better perhaps move on a bit now, so as not to have to hurry.

THE GIRL : He's going to speak to us. I don't want him to speak to us. (*And, true enough, as they make towards the road, the Strange Man moves along, so that unless they obviously hurry to avoid him, they must meet him.*)

THE YOUNG MAN (*taking the Girl's arm*) : It's really all right, dear. (*His back is to the Strange Man ; they walk to the road ; the Strange Man sets his bicycle on the ground.*)

THE STRANGE MAN (*in a very meek and courteous voice, which, belying the tenseness of his expression, gives an odd, creepy effect*) :

The Dream of Death

Excuse me, but could yer tell me the time o' day, sir? (*He smiles the same vacant, mirthless smile.*)

THE YOUNG MAN (*Pulls out his watch and says very firmly*): Certainly; it's exactly a quarter to four.

THE STRANGE MAN: Reely now. A quarter on four, you say. That's odd, that is, most extraordinary odd.

(*The Girl pulls the Young Man's arm, but as the Strange Man moves a little nearer, the Young Man stays, not wishing to be too abrupt in his going.*)

THE STRANGE MAN (*He speaks with great earnestness and greater mysteriousness*): The young lady's in a hurry I can see. I wouldn't wish to detain you, mind; that's not my way at all to push meself forrard, but if the young lady weren't in a hurry, I'd 'ave liked a word or two with yer about

THE YOUNG MAN: Well—about what?

THE STRANGE MAN: Dreams. Dreams can be extraordinary odd things, dreams can, can't they now?

THE YOUNG MAN: Yes. Very. But as we've a long way——(*He turns away.*)

THE STRANGE MAN (*with increasing earnestness*): Stop! One moment! Afore you go. (*He leans forward.*) As one man to another, do you believe, as one might say, in the real and absolute truth of dreams?

THE YOUNG MAN (*finally*): Why, yes, certainly I do.

THE GIRL (*pulling his arm*): Come. Please, come.

THE YOUNG MAN (*going*): Good day to you!

THE GIRL: Please, come; please, come!

(*They go off. The Strange Man takes no notice of the salutation. He stands gazing at the dip in the ground where the leaves have gathered thickly; he mutters.*)

THE STRANGE MAN: That's a comfort. (*He gives a sigh of relief.*) That's almost like a weight off my mind. The young gent says dreams are true. What's wrong with that anyway. It's only a dream, that's what it is, only an awful dream. (*His eyes gradually turn, as*

The Dream of Death

though forced by some unseen power, in the same direction as before. He stares. Then one foot after another, stealthily, he advances.) But . . . I . . . could . . . make . . . sure . . . (He speaks and moves like a man in a trance; then he starts and stops; in a louder voice.) Why make sure? A dream's a dream, damn my soul, what else can it be? (In a cunning whisper.) There might be adders among them horrid dead leaves. (He advances again; stops and leans right forward, peering. He trembles.) Katie? (He listens.) Katie? (He listens and shudders and turns away.) She ain't among them dead leaves.

(There is a silence, during which a Middle-Aged Man appears right at the back of the stage; he comes more and more into view until reaching the road he is entirely visible. He looks about him. The Strange Man has heard his approach, takes out a large bandanna handkerchief, with which he wipes his face, and walks towards his bicycle.)

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN: Could you tell me which is the way to Worthing?

THE STRANGE MAN: Worthing?

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN: Yes. *(He pulls out a pipe and begins to pack it. He likes to think he is a typical Englishman.)* Come across country and I'm blessed if I haven't lost my bearings.

THE STRANGE MAN: That's the best way. *(Points L.)*

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN: About how far is it?

THE STRANGE MAN: Best part of eight mile. Must be. It took us more than two hours walking steady.

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN: With a girl, I'll bet; but it can't be as far as that surely alone?

THE STRANGE MAN *(Coming towards him)*: I was with a girl. At least . . . I dreamed I was . . .

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN: Ah! Lucky man! Got a match?

THE STRANGE MAN: I think so. *(He feels in his pockets; his hands are shaking.)*

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN: Your hands are a bit shaky. Been sleeping badly? This air'll soon set you to rights. It's a regular tonic. *(Goes to tree trunk; sits on it.)*

The Dream of Death

THE STRANGE MAN : I've got no matches, nor pipe neither, nor pouch. I ain't even put on my watch and chain. Yes, I remember, I just rushed out. Ain't got a sixpence. Silly not to take a little money with yer wherever you may be going.

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN (*repockets his pipe; stoops to tighten the laces of his boots*) : Oh ! When you're on a holiday . . .

THE STRANGE MAN (*coming nearer*) : I live here.

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN (*off-handedly*) : Really ?

THE STRANGE MAN : Yes. I'm at the chemist's shop—the one in High Street, nearest the Front. I look after the photography part of it. We do a very tidy little business in the summer months. (*Pause.*) Lovely spot, this, ain't it ?

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN : Beautiful.

THE STRANGE MAN : Don't look as if a murder could have been done 'ere, now do it ?

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN (*Looks round interested*) : Why, has one ?

THE STRANGE MAN : No, no. Of course not. But I dreamed . . . in this exact spot. That's what 'as so shook me up, made me hands so shaky, as you noticed—more so, too, because (*very slowly*) when I was a kiddie—about six year old, my father—tried—to—kill—my—mother, and he did kill hisself.

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN : What a frightful thing to happen !

THE STRANGE MAN : Enough to make any man liable to bad dreams, eh ? And horrible thoughts ?

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN : But a healthy young man shouldn't dream ; it's generally a sign you're run down and want a holiday.

THE STRANGE MAN : That's what uncle says. And you see I'm at it at seven sharp every morning, and what with developin' and one thing and another I keep at it pretty steady till eleven at night as often as not. But uncle's been sending me out lately, on errands, like to-day. To-day I'm biking out to take some Cyanide of Potassium to a young gent who's stopping at the Warren Inn—down below. And, of course (*mysteriously*), I was obliged to come here—to the place of me dream—to see it in daylight, like.

The Dream of Death

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN: Yes. I see. You want all the fresh air you can get.

THE STRANGE MAN: It's a great comfort bein' able to talk with you. It makes me more and more certain that it was a dream. (*He is nervous and fumbling in his pockets, touches packet and takes it out of his pocket; meditatively*) Cyanide of Potassium—dangerous stuff you know to be about, if anyone wanted to kill anyone.

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN: You must fight against these morbid fancies. What was this dream? Did you dream someone murdered you here or what?

THE STRANGE MAN: No. Not that, not that. (*With dreadful earnestness*) I—killed—someone. I don't look like a murderer, do I now?

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN (*heartily*): No, you don't. Tell me your dream.

THE STRANGE MAN: Oh, no. It's too horrible.

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN: Pooh! It'd help to get it off your mind. Come on.

THE STRANGE MAN: Oh, no. I couldn't. Supposing it wasn't a dream.

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN: Nonsense, man.

THE STRANGE MAN: I think I should like to. You're so friendly to a chap. It might make me feel better, mightn't it?

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN: I'm certain it would.

THE STRANGE MAN (*with great hesitancy at first*): Well, I came here in my dream, biking with Katie. She's my friend. I fancied her; and I thought she fancied me . . . she really did fancy me until . . . You couldn't blame a girl for chucking a chap like me . . . but made it up—anyhow she said she'd come one more bike ride with me. A few hours with a girl you fancy is better than none, isn't it? Well, I dreamed she got friendlier and friendlier to me, kinder than she'd almost ever been to me. And we got off—there—look; and leant our bikes together there—know that dodge?

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN: Yes. I do. Go on.

The Dream of Death

THE STRANGE MAN: And then we came and sat down here—look—just above them dead leaves. I saw she was kind to me because she pitied me, 'avin' no friends and being what I am to look at. (*He acts the whole of the following with gestures as he speaks.*) And I was sitting up and she was lyin' down with her hands behind her head, so, and I was looking into her pretty face and the lips I mightn't kiss and I saw quite distinct she was thinking of another feller—distinct as if I'd seen his picture in her eyes.

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN: How much of this is true?

THE STRANGE MAN: It's all true, exact as I dreamed it.

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN: I mean true—not in a dream. Do you know such a girl?

THE STRANGE MAN: That's just the horrible thing about it. It's a dream about real people and real thoughts—all this is as far as I've gone. But listen to what's coming. It's that that can't be real. She was wearing some sort of a chain round her neck, silver it was and it wasn't thin. And I took hold of it, sudden, like this (*takes hold of his own collar*). "Don't do that," she said. But I didn't leave go. (*Angrily*) That's the first impossible thing. The idea of me puttin' me 'and on 'er chain (*laughs shrilly*), me that shivered all over if me fingers so much as touched her'n when I took her bike from 'er. O, my God! (*Rocks himself to and fro in agony.*)

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN: Don't take on like that, man. No one can control their dreams, you know.

THE STRANGE MAN (*sits bolt upright*): She put her hand on my arm. "How dare you," she said, angry, "let go." I didn't let go. I leaned over 'er, and saw that feller in 'er eyes. I gripped the chain, tighter. "You're hurting me," she cried, and struggled to get up. I didn't let her get up. I pushed her down, and began to twist the chain. She couldn't scream, only her lips moved, lips I saw that other feller kissing. I twisted the chain and twisted it—my knuckles bit in to her throat. Her face grew black, her eyes bulged—her eyes stared at me—stared at me. (*Then with frightful calmness.*) That's how I killed her—in my dream. Then I covered her with the grey rainproof cloak she was lyin' on, and I found big stones to keep the wind from blowin' away the cloak, and heaped the dead leaves over it and went away.

The Dream of Death

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN: Then you woke up, I suppose.

THE STRANGE MAN (*in a kind of trance*): No. I looked at my watch and it was a quarter on four. Sometimes it doesn't seem like a dream.

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN: Nonsense. In reality you walked here with her. You told me so. In your dream you bicycled.

THE STRANGE MAN: I'm not so sure about that. (*Waking up; with gathering passion*) But it must have been a dream. Why should I want to kill me only friend. She was kind to me, she was. And I never really expected she could fancy me. What girl could fancy a thing like me? And the chain would have broken, wouldn't it? And to cover her over like that so calmly!

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN: Of course, of course. (*Rises.*) But we can easily prove it, you know.

THE STRANGE MAN: How?

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN: Why, my dear fellow, nothing could be simpler. By kicking through the heap of dead leaves.

THE STRANGE MAN (*slyly*): Oh no, we mustn't do that.

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN: It'd settle it once and for all; and it'd help you to forget about the whole horrible business.

THE STRANGE MAN: Oh no! Anything but that.

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN: What a chap you are! You stop here then and I'll go. You mustn't let a dream like that prey upon your mind.

THE STRANGE MAN: Oh, no, no, no. (*Clutches his arm.*) Anything but that.

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN: Why ever not?

THE STRANGE MAN: It's treating the dream as if it were real. And we know it's only a dream. You see, for one thing, so many people come into these woods, and a dog, you see, would have scratched away the leaves and found her at once, if she'd been there. Or foxes. They say there are foxes in these woods. Don't foxes eat dead people?

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN: Ugh! Your mind is thoroughly morbid. I must insist on your making an effort of will to overcome these silly fears. (*He takes his arm like a father.*)

The Dream of Death

THE STRANGE MAN : Dogs and foxes snuffling round her !
Better them than that other feller who might kiss her lips.

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN (*with suspicion*) : You are a queer devil.

THE STRANGE MAN (*timidly, in the meek way in which he first spoke to the Young Man*) : That's the way to Worthing. I've my bike . . . just over there. (*Irresolute ; retreating*) Or I'd . . . Good day to you, sir. Ar-arn't you going to start . . .

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN (*looking hard at him, with meaning in his voice*) : Not just yet, my young friend.

THE STRANGE MAN (*more nervously still*) : It's . . . it's . . . a good eight mile.

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN (*rising slowly, as if he were going to spring on the Strange Man*) : I believe there's something shady in . . .

THE STRANGE MAN (*screams*) : Hi ! Stop ! (*For the Young Man has come into view once more, hurrying straight towards the dip where the leaves have gathered ; the Strange Man runs down to him.*)

THE YOUNG MAN : What do you mean ? (*Advances.*)

THE STRANGE MAN (*in a frenzy, trying to detain him*) : There are adders among them dead leaves.

THE YOUNG MAN : Nonsense, I've dropped my cigarette case. I must find it.

THE STRANGE MAN (*shrieking*) : Stop. I say. Not that way.

THE YOUNG MAN : Rot. (*Pushes him on one side.*) What are you playing at ? (*He goes in among the leaves, stumbles, screams in terror.*)

THE STRANGE MAN : What did I say ? (*Hopping about and giggling.*)

(*As the Young Man rises he jerks away a grey cloak, discovering the dead body of a woman, whose face is not visible. All three stare in blind horror. The Young Man staggers back, and retches violently. He goes towards the Middle-Aged Man, who comes towards him, while the Strange Man creeps towards the body.*)

The Dream of Death

THE STRANGE MAN: There's my pretty with her face black as I seed it in my dream. But it weren't no dream. I've gone and killed yer. And you've been lyin' on the cold ground alone all through the black night. (*He croons over the body, stroking a hand.*)

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN (*in a quiet undertone*): What are we to do?

THE YOUNG MAN: I can't stop. There's a girl friend of mine waiting. She mustn't know.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN: Do you think he killed her?

THE YOUNG MAN: I don't know.

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN: Ought we to take him into custody?

THE YOUNG MAN: I can't do anything. She mustn't know of this. It isn't a sight for a girl.

THE STRANGE MAN: (*crooning*): My pretty . . . all the black night . . . alone on the cold ground.

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN: Give me your card. He's without money. So he's as safe here as if he were already in a police cell. Do you think he killed her?

THE STRANGE MAN: My pretty, where's your life gorn to? Your face is black and ugly. You've gorn right away from me for ever. . . But I (*he feels in his pockets eagerly*).

THE YOUNG MAN: He might have dreamed he did, after the shock of finding her body here.

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN: Thank God it's not for us to decide. That's the business of the law. Poor devil, oh! poor devil. (*He looks at the Strange Man, and sees him tearing paper off the small parcel; suddenly.*) You go now, back to your friend. (*Picks up cigarette case, a brown leather one, and hands it to him.*) Here take your cigarette case. I'm afraid you'll be needed as a witness. I'll lodge information with the police.

(*The Young Man runs off. The Middle-Aged Man stands looking at the Strange Man who is tipping white stuff from the parcel into his hand.*)

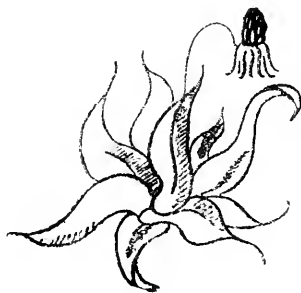
The Dream of Death

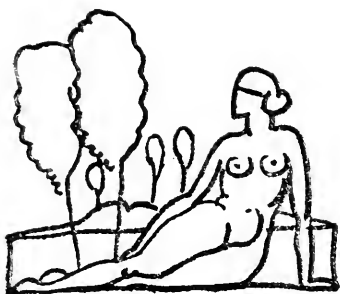
THE STRANGE MAN: But I can come away after yer, my pretty, to keep yer company. (*And crams the poison into his mouth. He screams.*) I can't swaller, I can't swaller. It's burning me. (*He writhes.*)

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN (*comes hurriedly forward unscrewing flask; he pours out something*): Here, man, drink this water. (*The Strange Man drinks. He falls back clutching his throat.*)

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN (*has turned away*): Poor little wretch, poor little wretch. It's the best thing he could do. The law's so slow.

CURTAIN.





PICTURES

TENDENCIES IN PRESENT-
DAY ENGLISH ART

By J. G. FLETCHER

ENGLISH art, like English literature, has always been a matter of individuals rather than of schools. The situation, the soil, the climate of England do not favour those group-tendencies that seem to spring up so readily in France. Here, in this island, from time to time, an individual genius presents himself, either as a daring innovator, like Constable or Turner, or as the final summing-up of a great tradition, like Alfred Stevens. He dies and the secret of his power dies with him. It has had no effect upon the English contemporaries. It is usually better and earlier appreciated abroad than at home. Since the days when Shakespeare was the centre of a group of writers working through the medium of the stage, these have been the conditions under which artists create in England.

Nevertheless, the paradox must be maintained that England is a great and fertile seed-ground for new art-revelations. Her island situation protects her from the weaker and more irresponsible currents of art that sway too readily the Continent. Ideas that have to suffer a sea-change before transplanting, are likely to be strong ideas, and England owes to the sea her long protection from things like the Klimt backwash, or the pettier side of Pointillism. Moreover the stolid indifference of the British public to all art-matters permits the artist, if he has enough money to keep alive, to work unhampered by concessions to the public taste. And lastly, the absence of schools and tendencies forces upon each artist the necessity of either developing his own individuality or of entering the portals of the Royal Academy.

When we speak, therefore, of tendencies in present-day English art, it must be understood that we use this term only in its most general sense. It is quite true that the war has brought about in England a more firm and definite crystallisation of purpose than anyone could have believed

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possible. But along with these newer directions and influences, there remains in England a great deal of artistic striving which differs in no essential respect from what it was before the war. And it is with the main tendencies of this striving that we must first of all concern ourselves.

To go back, then, to 1913, we may say that England's artistic effort, at that date, revolved about the poles of Walter Sickert and Augustus John, representing realistic impressionism and idealistic decoration, respectively. It is true that already at this date, two Post-Impressionist Exhibitions had been held in London, creating a scandalous success, and that, especially among the younger men, much talk was being heard of Cézanne, Matisse, and Picasso. But ideas grow slowly in England, and nothing had yet been done to shake the position of the two artists I have mentioned. We must now examine the work of these two men, and grasp the influences from which they derived.

Walter Sickert is entirely a product of French Impressionism. The one outstanding influence upon his work is that of Degas. Like Degas, he paints little, and confines himself to small canvases. Like Degas again, he is the possessor of a curiously detached irony of observation, that fastens upon the meanest and most insignificant subjects. He is a psychological analyst, cold, keen, and bitter. His scenes from everyday life are not beautiful, they do not move us greatly to enthusiasm. But the truth, the justice of Sickert's rendering of them forbid them from being ever repulsive. The only form of realism that is tolerable in art, is the form in which the artist, with cold scrupulousness, sets down his knowledge of life, without betraying either sympathy or distaste with his subject, and it is this form that Mr. Sickert practises. Here is an artist who is content to remain nothing but a painter. It may be this is not a very lofty ambition, but at least it guards its possessor from the dangers and pitfalls of exaggeration and sentimentality. Walter Sickert is always cold, but always just, and before one of his pictures we may be sure that we are standing on safe ground.

We meet with the very reverse in dealing with Augustus John. This artist was entirely formed and developed in an unrealistic, a decorative tradition. He derives through Ingres and possibly Puvis de Chavannes to the Italian primitives, notably to the Umbrian painter, Piero della Francesca, and to the Florentine, Botticelli. But here is not a surface

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imitation of the Primitives, as was the case with the so-called English Pre-Raphaelites, but a direct setting down of a thought akin to theirs. The English Pre-Raphaelites of Ruskin's mistaken worship were, with the solitary and honourable exception of Rossetti, who was an Italian of the *décadence*, good British bourgeois of the most Victorian type, wielding the weapons of art for a strictly moral purpose. There is nothing of all this in Mr. John. His sympathies obviously lie with a world which is not of the present day, a world of wild free spaces, peopled with vagrants, gipsies, outcasts. He is a true primitive in that this, and only this world holds his interest. His work is in no small sense an antidote to the over-refinement and artificiality of our day. The best part of it are two or three large decorative canvases which America and Japan have been wise enough to buy, and a great many small landscape sketches, with figures, which show an equally fine and subtle ability to express an enduring mood in a few lines and masses. His portraits, unlike Sickert's, are only interesting when he is able to establish sympathy with his sitters.

Besides the currents created by these two artists, there were certain other tendencies in English art, at the time of the war's outbreak, which are worthy of mention. Most important amongst these, perhaps, was the survival of the old landscape tradition of Constable, Gainsborough, and Crome, in the work of Wilson Steer and C. J. Holmes. The former has indeed carried Constable's daring analysis of atmospheric vibration to a point where his pictures tend to lose themselves, to be without any recognisable form. C. J. Holmes has maintained a more conservative, a more architectonic attitude. He shows us always the skeleton of the scene, and composes carefully according to its chief lines of structure. Thus his work is sober, and a trifle monotonous. As the painting of English landscape has led to so many revolutions in art-history, it is only fair to mention these, the latest upholders of its tradition.

These, then, are the men who were showing the most interesting work in painting in England before the war broke out. But, as has already been noted, before that momentous event came, there had been going on for two years a great stirring-up of artistic stagnation. First came the revelation of the Post-Impressionist Exhibition of 1911, which gave us Cézanne, Van Gogh, Gauguin and many of their followers. The Second Post-Impressionist Exhibition of 1912 followed, introducing us to Picasso and the Cubists, Matisse and the Russians. At about the same time—

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one's memory of such events grows hazy—the Futurists invaded London. Meanwhile, the Russian Ballet, and similar enterprises had been busy teaching people that there was a stagecraft finer and more expressive than the efforts of Sir Herbert Tree, or the Drury Lane pantomime. To crown all, on the very eve of the war, we were confronted with a new English school, rejoicing in the title of Vorticist, who loudly proclaimed that to them Cubists and Futurists were merely *vieux jeu*. England's artistic chaos was thus complete ; when, as if no other culmination were possible, there came upon us the war.

It now seems to us that this, in a sense, was a very good thing for England's artistic future. If the war had not taken place, it is very plain that the work of disintegration of artistic creeds would have gone on, with disastrous results. And it is equally apparent that neither John nor Sickert, or both, could have between them revived English art, though they were not lacking for disciples. John's sense of free communion with wild nature was and is a very fine thing ; but it has always been expressed in a very individual style, and the trouble with his disciples was that they imitated the style without sharing the feeling it expressed. And Sickert's disciples, such as Gilman, Ginner, Gore, Bevan, similarly took lodgings in Camden Town and painted most realistically, but without the least trace of that fine dry irony which is their master's best characteristic. What the war, and the upheaval that preceded it, accomplished was this : it showed us there were many new ways of stating new things, and then raised the tremendous and insistently vital question : " What then, are the important—the essential—things to state ? "

This question has been answered in various ways, according to the temperament of the artists who have sought a solution of it. Let us take a few concrete examples, as showing the main tendencies of art development in England to-day.

Nevinson, one of the most discussed and vitally important artists we have among us, began his career as a Futurist. Now Futurism, despite the extravagances of its earlier supporters, was a valuable innovation in art. It abolished at a blow the old style of composition, based upon academic rules, and created a new type, based upon psychological intuition. It substituted for the old conventional rhythm of a picture a new rhythm of dynamic, mechanical contrasts. Developing along these lines, it fertilised a great many art movements more important than itself, and

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proved how worn-out for present-day needs is the old-style pictorial art.

Now, Nevinson in his latest phase, still owes something to Futurism, but a great deal more to the war. The war provided him with a machine-made world which could only be represented Futuristically, and the artist has made great use of his opportunity. But he seems to have realised, with increasing clearness, that Futurism was lacking in emotional depth, and to have searched for a style capable of greater spiritual intensity. This he has found in Cézanne, who proved once and for all that one can paint a plate of apples and invest them with the gravity and emotional significance of the Pyramids. Nevinson has thus developed along a line of his own, in which Cézanne's weightiness is allied to just enough of Futurism to create a pleasing rhythmical pattern. On some sides his newest development recalls much of the work of the Japanese colour-print artists, who in a sense were remarkable Cubists and Futurists. His sense of colour is his own, and is cold, deep, and piercing. Altogether we have here an artist who has a strong power of making us share his emotions. If he will not abuse this power, Nevinson is likely to go far.

Another painter, Paul Nash, has also painted battle-scenes, but his work altogether lacks the human note. It is in landscape decoration, pure and simple, that he excels, as does his brother, John Nash. There is an oriental quality in much of their work, and they seem to have studied the landscapes of Paul Gauguin and Derain to advantage.

Among the painters who have not been directly concerned with the war, Anne Estelle Rice takes a foremost place. This brilliant woman began her career as an impressionist but in Paris came under the influence of the Fauves, or "wild men" as a daring but short-lived group of painters was called, who ranked themselves about Matisse. But Miss Rice, in her latest phase, seems to have forgotten all about Matisse, except that she still preserves the brilliant colouring of the Mediterranean Countries with which she is familiar. Her work recalls essentially Cézanne in its solidity and Van Gogh in its emotional strength. Altogether, she is perhaps the best equipped decorative painter now in England, and her work has always a generous, warm, human sympathy about it which is a quality rare amongst English-born artists.

Two other painters, J. D. Fergusson and J. S. Peploe were once allied with Miss Rice, and like hers, their work is interesting for showing the full development of that chromatic scale of rhythmical colour which

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was perhaps the best gift French Impressionism left us. But neither has as yet proven to be the possessor of very deep emotional qualities. Their work is brilliant, but it is abstracted from emotion, if not abstract in itself. In this they suffer from the fault from which Matisse himself is not free. Perhaps their art will be best expressed in a form different from that in which they are at present working ; in the form of theatrical decoration.

Mark Gertler's rise in the art firmament has been very rapid. Not many years ago, he was almost purely a follower of John. Now he has combined the elements of Cézanne and of Cubism, in a way somewhat similar to Nevinson's, but with some quite essential differences. For one thing, Gertler's colour sense has nothing of the tragic depth and coldness of Nevinson's. It is garish. Altogether, Gertler, in his best pictures, seems the very incarnation of boisterous good spirits, and one is almost inclined to think that he will be the painter to do what no one else has done—to immortalise London and London's most precious element, the cockney.

Another painter, Jacob Kramer, is far more essentially Hebraic in his outlook than Gertler, whose Jewish extraction seems to me over-emphasised. Kramer is a grim, bitter realist. If he recalls anyone, it is the Flemish painters, or that astounding modern primitive, Henri Rousseau le Douanier. The only difference is, that Kramer obtains his effect of Primitivism through a ruthless elimination of all that is unessential. He is primitive by deliberate choice, rather than by instinct.

Among other painters who deserve mention are W. Roberts, whose work is strongly influenced by Picabia ; McKnight Kauffer, who also approaches Picasso's followers ; Fry, who has essayed many styles, but is only interesting when painting architecture, and whose work in textiles and art criticism is more valuable than any of his pictures ; and many others, whom I must be content with naming, such as Lewis, Etchells, Wadsworth, McDonald Gill, Nina Hamnett, Vanessa Bell, Brodzky, Meninsky, and Schwabe. But whatever the position in art of these may be—and some of them are quite as interesting as those I have already treated at length—it may be said that they work on the same main lines as those I have already dealt with. Modern painting in England does not derive from the Royal Academy or even from the Slade School—it is based on individual and personal application of a new message first spoken in France and abroad. The heads, the apostles, of this school are

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respectively, in the order of their importance : Cézanne, Gauguin, Van Gogh, Picasso, and the Futurists.

I have left to one side the arts of theatrical decoration and of sculpture, which must be treated more briefly.

The two best theatrical decorators now in England are A. P. Allinson and Albert Rothenstein. The former bases his art on the style which the Russian ballet made famous. His effects are oriental, rich, sumptuous, with comparatively simple and open foregrounds, and an effect of wide horizons in the background. Albert Rothenstein on the other hand, derives from the Early Italian Renaissance, *via* Augustus John. He has elaborated the drop-screen, shutting off the background of the stage, till it becomes a scene in itself. His effects and colours are flat and not deep, and more adapted to the apron stage than to the framed stage of the Russians. Where Allinson produces a deep receding picture of Venetian chiaroscuro, Rothenstein gives us a fine and delicately woven tapestry with figures.

A word must also be said for applied art. The textiles of Fry, which recall the finest Coptic and Peruvian work, have already been noted. In pottery, Wolmark, who is also well known as a painter and poster designer, has produced remarkable effects of stained-glass colour, and Egyptian or Peruvian design. In these he has been largely influenced by Paul Gauguin. C. W. Beaumont is also making his mark with pottery based on Persian and other Oriental motives, which he handles with force and simplicity.

I have left sculpture to the last, not because I consider it least important but because I find that sculptors generally have fewer opportunities in England to show what they can do, than any other artists. They are obliged to devote themselves too exclusively to portrait busts, and it is very rarely that they obtain a commission for a more serious monumental work. This is even true of Jacob Epstein who is, by unanimous consent, the best sculptor now in England. Epstein has had a remarkable career, and has progressed in his art from the realism of his earlier works, to the symbolic abstraction of his later and more questionable essays, such as the much discussed "Venus." But Epstein, whatever his position in the future may be, and whether or no he has been too exclusively pre-occupied with sexual symbolism, is a master of style. Witness his statues in the Strand and his Oscar Wilde memorial. His bronze portrait busts are mainly interesting as caustic and subtle studies in psychology—

Tendencies in Present-Day English Art

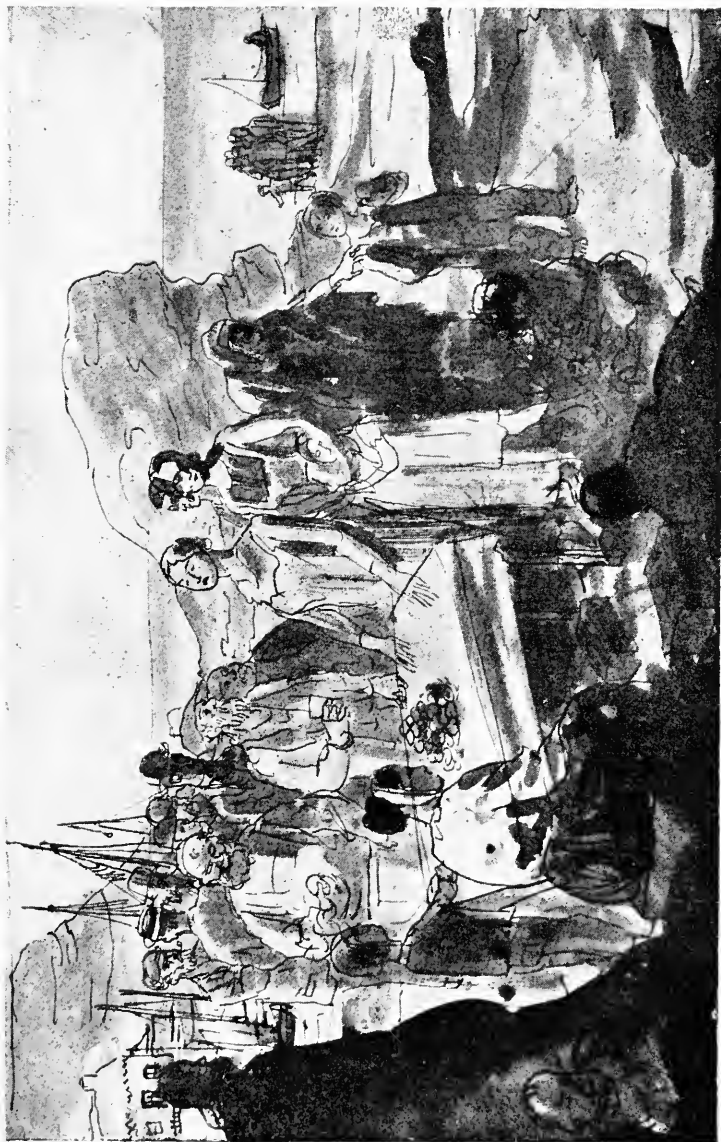
usually feminine psychology—but these other works I have mentioned, and possibly also his harsh and bitter “Rock Drill,” have in them a monumentality which is far removed from the prevailing notion that sculpture is an ornament for drawing rooms.

Another sculptor, Eric Gill, has worked exclusively in stone. He has enjoyed the good fortune of obtaining important commissions on the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Westminster. His work goes back essentially to early mediæval models—Romanesque and Byzantine. Altogether, Gill has a remarkable sense of the beauty of stone surface, and it is rather to be pitied that he has not made a more earnest attempt to employ this sense in the expression of a thought more congenial to our modern attitude of mind. Epstein has proven that one can be a man of our own times, and still think sculpturally.

Unlike painting, Sculpture has suffered a severe and irreparable loss during the war. By the death of Henri Gaudier-Brzeska, the world has lost a man who had the ability and the energy to lift sculpture to a new plane of architectural monumentality. Endowed with a supreme sense of form, and equipped with a passion for hard work which made him, at twenty-three, the equal in achievement of many artists of twice his years, this young Franco-Polish sculptor was himself on the way to creating a new language of form which would have given us many a masterpiece, when a German bullet stopped further progress. It is the great tragedy of this war in particular that creative artists, who alone could interpret the thought of the future, must suffer the same risks as ordinary workpeople. Let us hope that the tragedy of Gaudier-Brzeska will not be repeated, and that the new art-revival, which England is creating upon such sure and vital foundations, will go forward unhampered in the not too-distant future.







DRAWING

AUGUSTUS JOHN





WALTER SICKERT

Sickert.

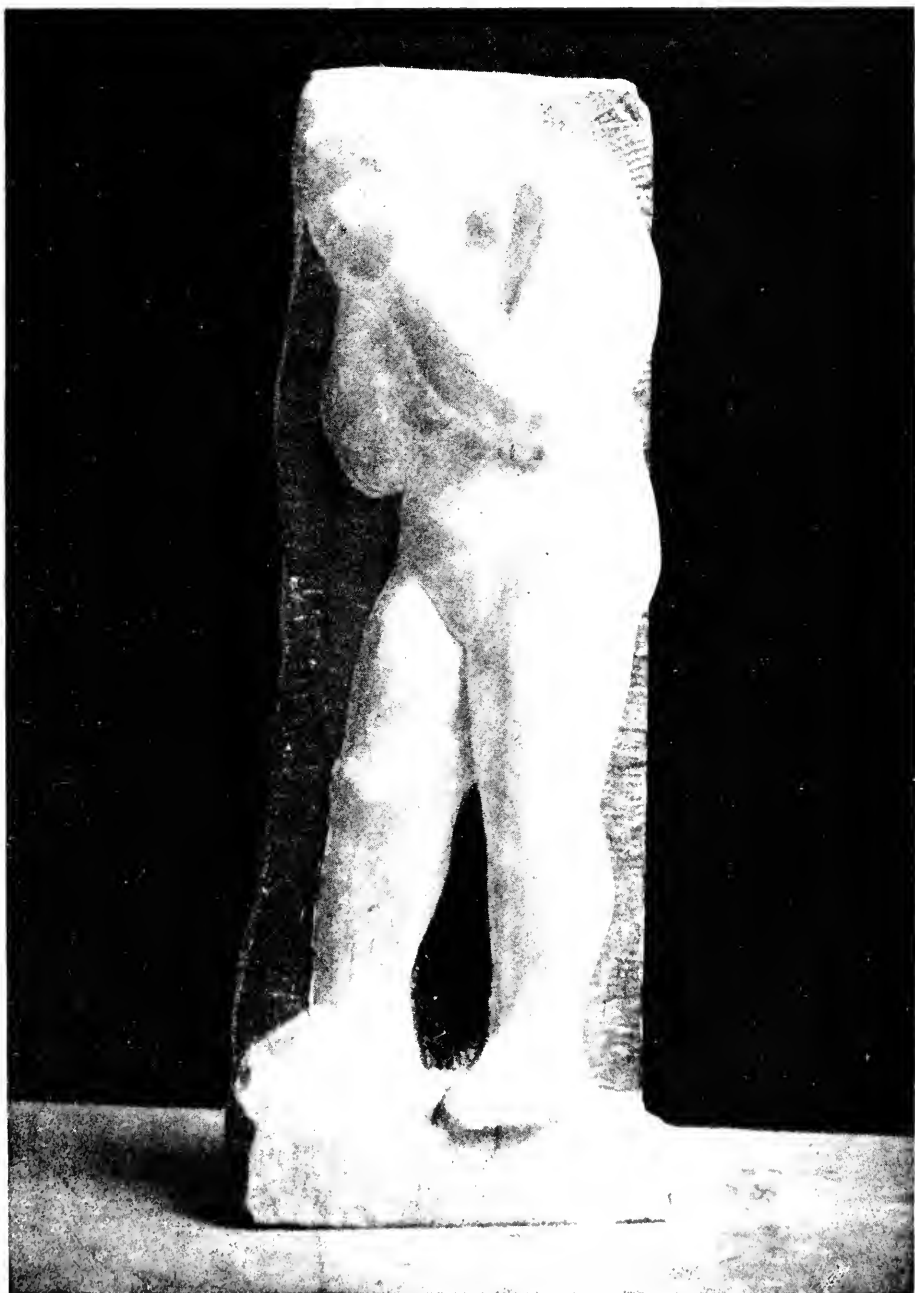
DRAWING

*Molle manu levibusque cor est violabile telis,
Et semper causa est cur ego semper amem.*





H. GAUDIER BRZESKA. *Drawing.* SELF PORTRAIT
(Reproduced by kind permission of the Owner)



II. GAUDIER BRZESKA WEeping FIGURE
(*Alabaster Statue—Early Work. Photographed by Walter Benington*)



JACOB EPSTEIN. *Bronze.*

HEAD OF W. H. DAVIES.

(Photographed by Walter Benington)



MARK GERTLER. *Drawing.*

STUDY FOR " THE BATHERS "

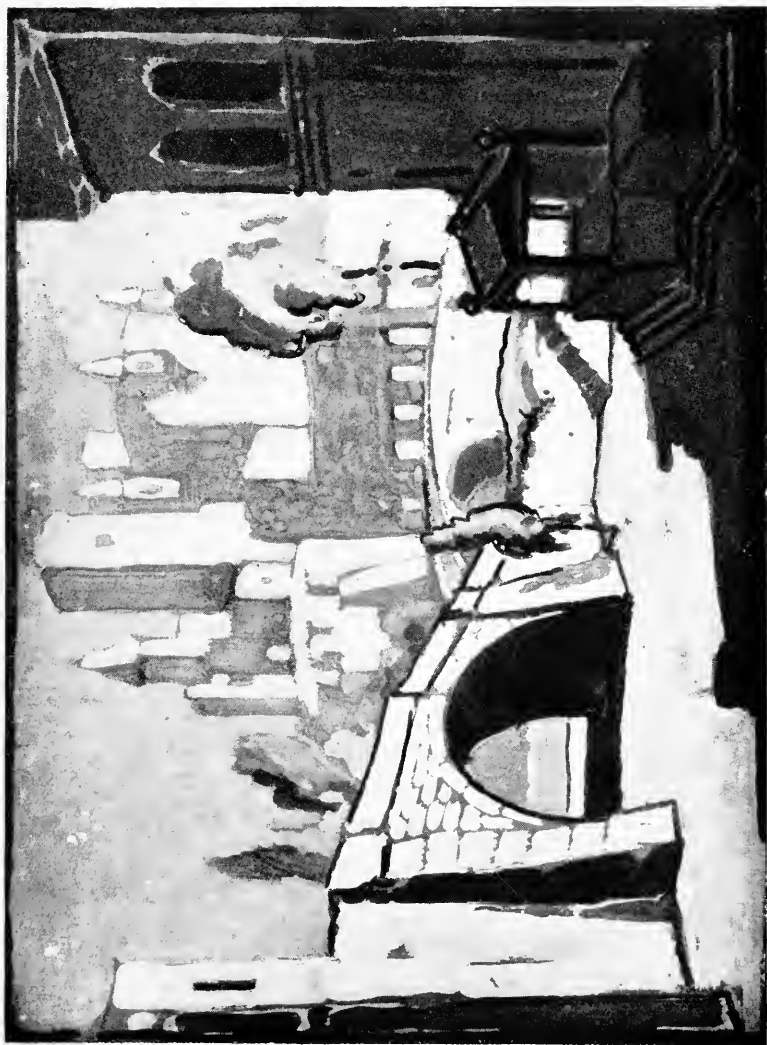
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ANNE ESTELLE RICE. *Painting.*

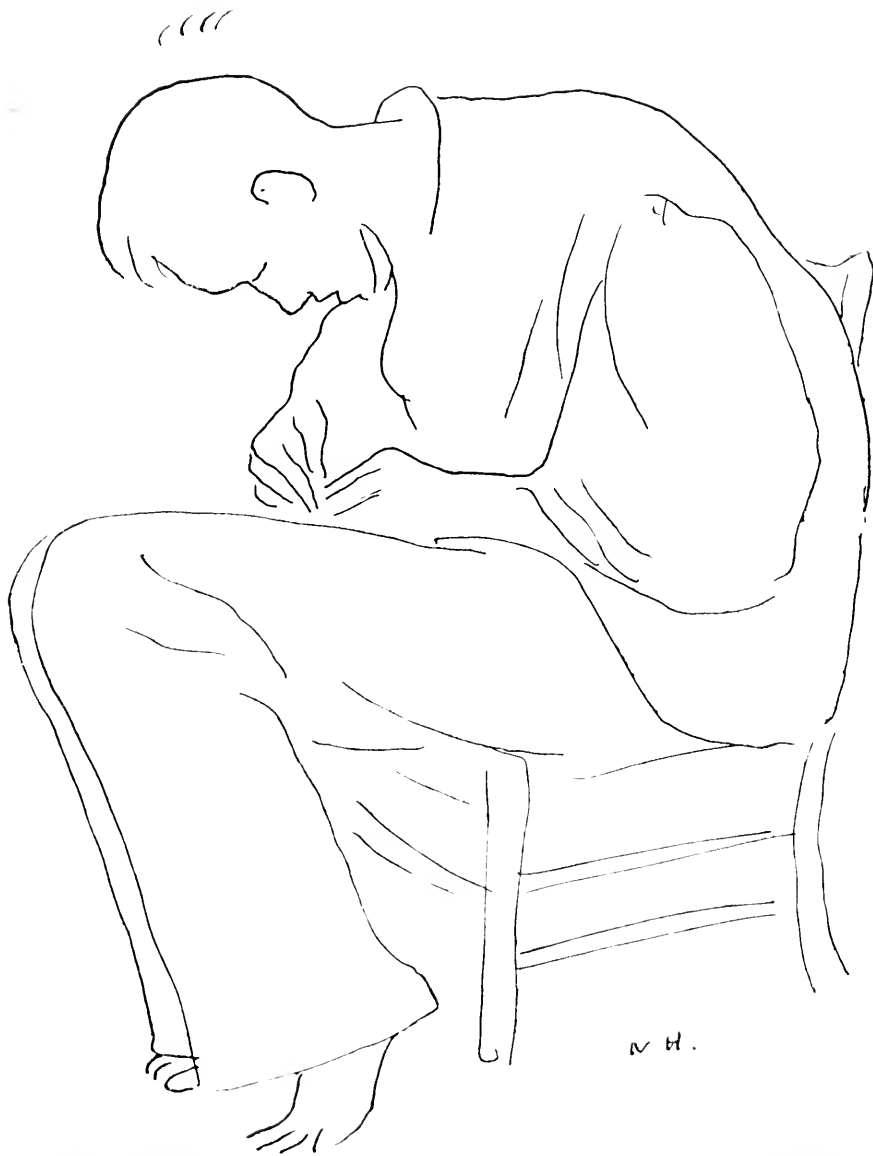
BRIDGE



A. P. ALLINSON

(Scene for "Lucia di Lammermoor"—Last Act)

DESIGN



NINA HAMNETT

DRAWING



JACOB KRAMER.

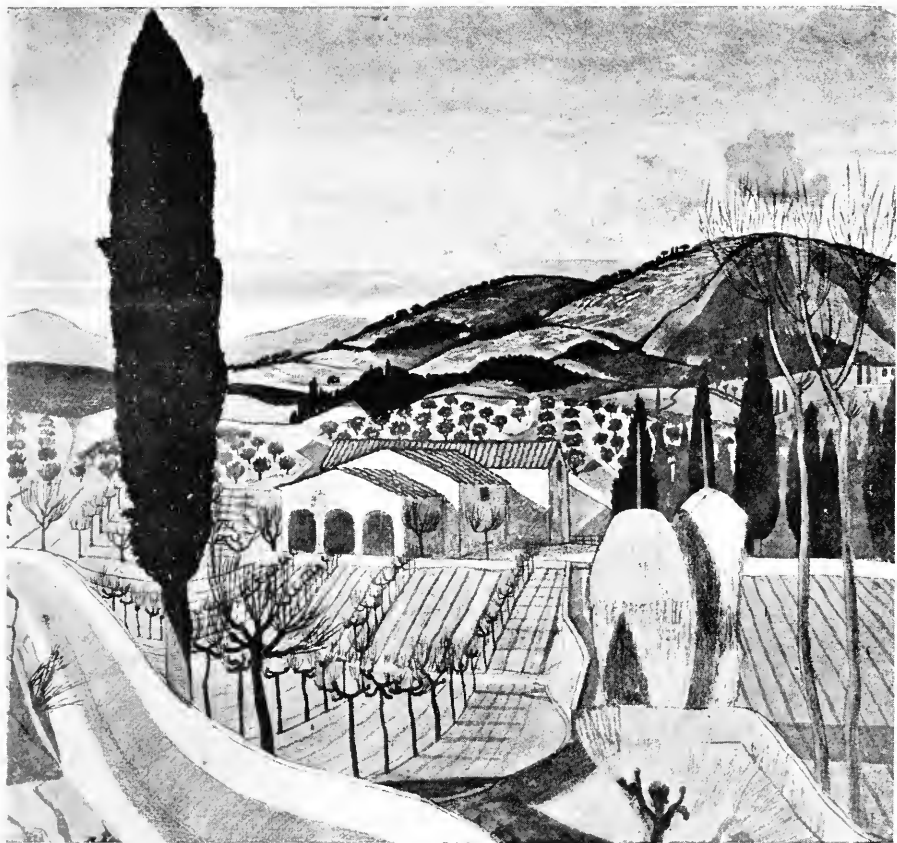
THE DAY OF ATONEMENT

Design for a Woodcut



BERNARD MENINSKY. *Painting.*

BELGIAN CAFE

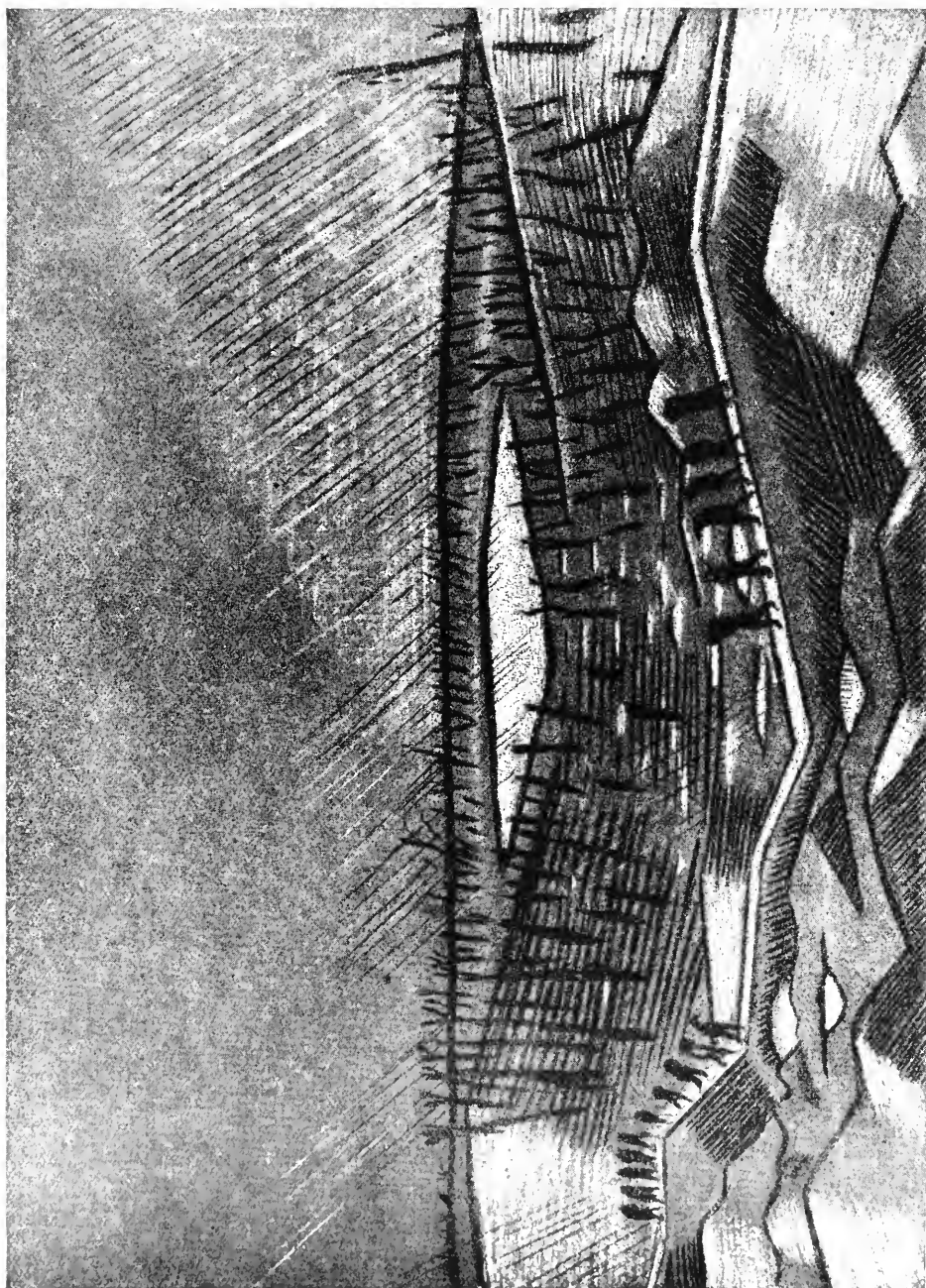


JOHN NASH. *Drawing.*

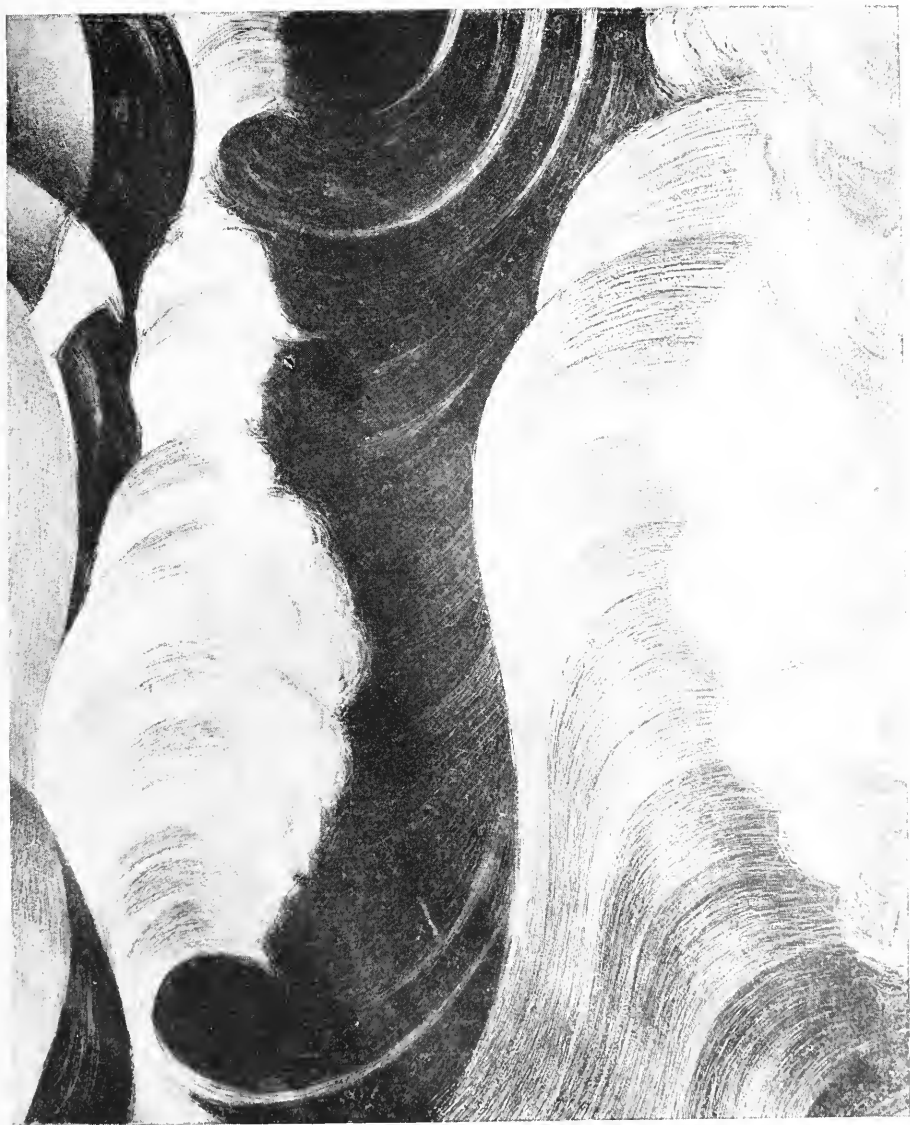
AN ITALIAN LANDSCAPE



PAUL NASH. *Drawing.*



PAUL NASH. *Drawing.* RAIN



THE WAVE

C. R. W. NEVINSON. *Lithograph.*



C. R. W. NEVINSON. *Drawing.*

TWO WOMEN



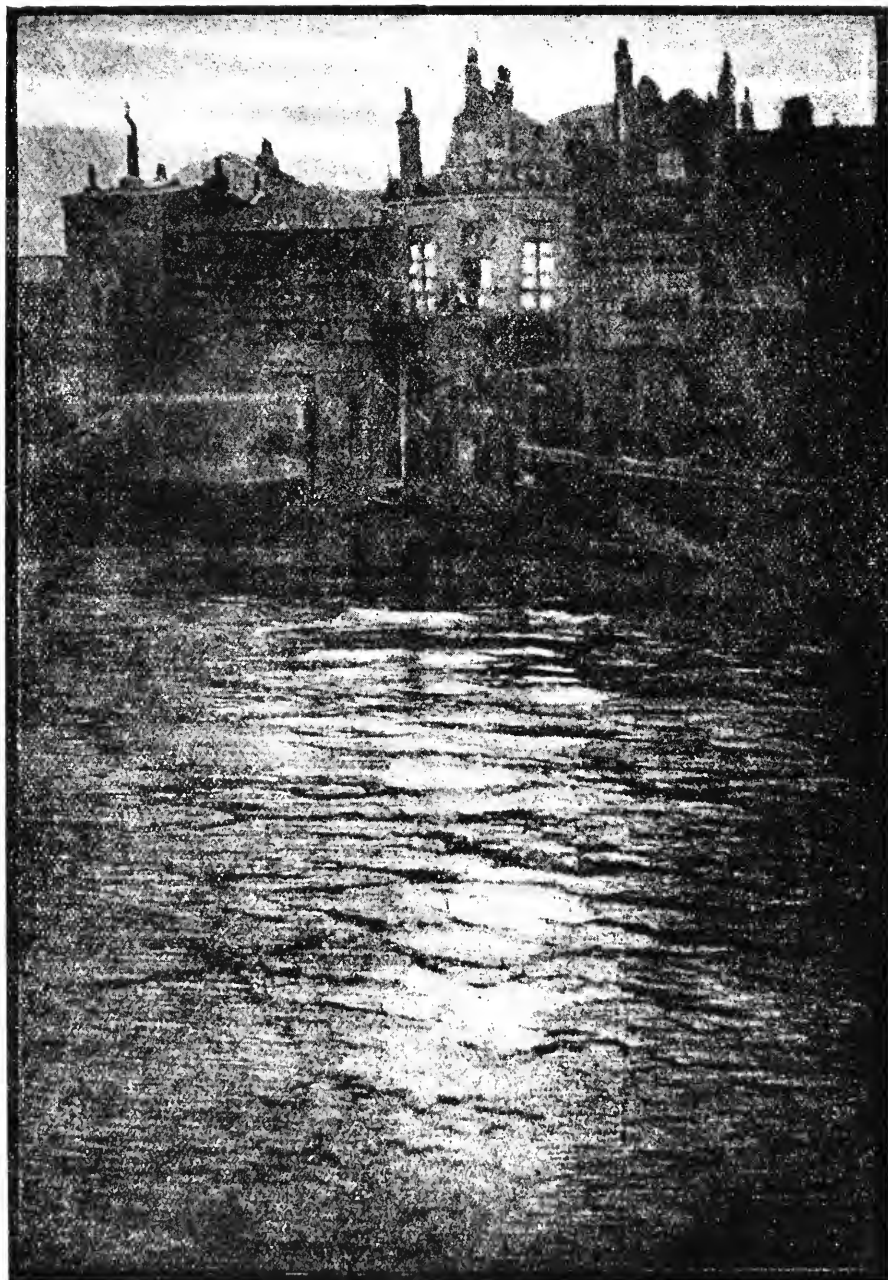
MICHEL SEVIER. *Drawing.*

THE KASHMIR SHAWL



ETHELBERT WHITE. *Etching.*

THE DIGGER



WALTER BENJINGTON *Camera Study*

LIMEHOUSE HOLD

IVAN MEŠTROVIĆ: THE SOUTHERN-SLAV SCULPTOR:

By ERNEST COLLINGS

IVAN MEŠTROVIĆ, the son of Croat peasants of Otavice, Dalmatia, was born in 1883. In a rugged land he acted as shepherd-boy and, living in closest touch with nature, he began when quite young to carve wood and stone. Becoming apprenticed to a stonemason in Špalato, his promise grew and he was sent to Agram and from there to the Vienna Academy, exhibiting for the first time at the "Secession" in 1902. His early work, among which may be noted "The Sacrifice of Innocence," and "The Fountain of Life," shewed a passionate understanding of humanity expressed with great force and was not influenced by the super-refinements of some branches of the revival in "Austrian" art, an art whose strength is largely derived from the Slav element in it. From Vienna Mestrovic went to Paris, and later he worked in Rome. A prolific worker, he exhibited widely, but though he had shown sculpture in the Dalmatian Pavilion at Earl's Court in 1906, and a bronze head of his wife at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1913, he was little known in England until the exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum in 1915.

The sculptor retained amid all distractions his deep race-consciousness and at the time of the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina by Austria he conceived the idea of a building to enshrine the ardent soul of his race and to give form to the growing sense of unity and resentment of oppression among all the Southern Slavs. The Serbo-Croat popular ballads heard by him in childhood, particularly those which centre round the great defeat of Kosovo in 1389, were his inspiration and in a fury of creation he fashioned a series of mourning women and heroic men to people his Temple of the Day of Vision, to be set up, he hoped, on the never-forgotten battlefield, a memorial of the past and a song of hope for the future. The Pavilion of the Kingdom of Serbia (designed by Professor Bajalovic of Belgrade) at the Rome International Art Exhibition of 1911 gave as idea, necessarily on a smaller scale, of the sculptor's intention and his own work was worthily supported by that of several brother artists among whom Rosandic, responsible for the panels of fighting Turks among other sculpture, and the painters Mirko Racki and Tomislav Krizman, particularly, may be mentioned. Many of the pieces from Rome, as well as Mestrovic's wooden model for the building of the temple

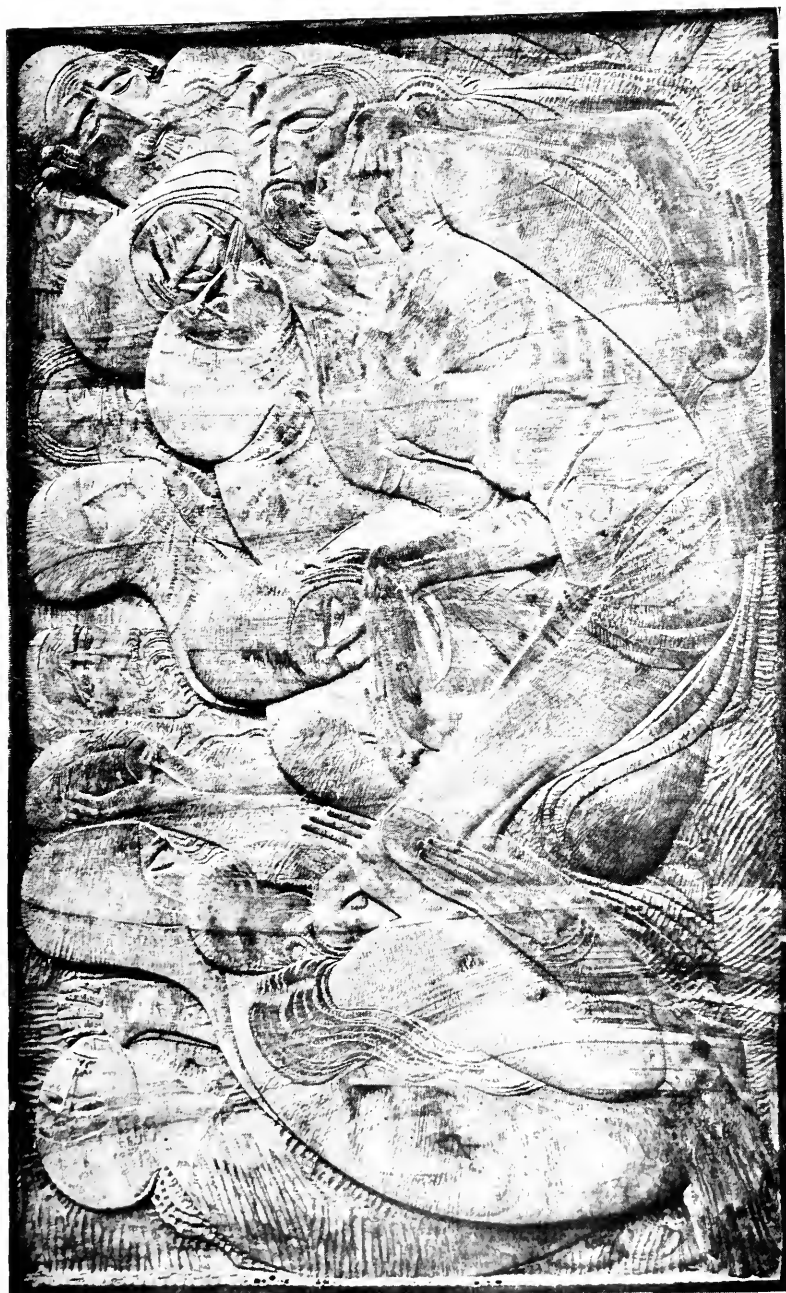
Ivan Mestrovic

itself, were seen at South Kensington, but the huge " Marko Kraljevic " on horseback was too badly damaged to be exhibited, the figure being represented by the small plaster study and by the large plaster head. While Marko stands for the warlike qualities of a valiant people, there is another hero, Marko's " pobratim," Milos Obilic, to whom Mestrovic has felt himself more closely drawn and in that great pillar of stone aflame, suggested to us by the plaster studies, he would give static form to the dynamic fire of his intense spiritual aspiration. There is a reason for this man with the god-like head being seen without the lower part of the arms and legs, for he appears like a flash of light in the songs and the sculptor gives the impression of such fleeting appearance by not attempting to visualize more than the most vital parts of his body. Profoundly affected by the tragedy of Serbia and her neighbouring lands during the last few years, the artist, in his agony of mind, has turned from his epic and found some comfort in re-presenting scenes and figures held sacred by the Christian faith ; to the wild lament of the first "Deposition" (relief in wood), and the fierce call of the "Annunciation" (relief in carved plaster), there has succeeded the quieter note of the wooden reliefs, "Prayer on the Mount of Olives" and "Christ and the Magdalen," seen at the Grafton Galleries in December last together with various other works and the great wooden crucifix, in which the carver sums up, with a supreme gesture, all sacrifice. A new quickening of life is apparent in "A Vestal Virgin—for a fountain" and "The Archers of Domogoi" added to the Serbo-Croat Exhibition during its closing days. The former seems to sing a quiet song of hope, and in the latter Mestrovic is entirely himself, an artist son of Dalmatia, confident in the masterful expression of a virile subject.

The young sculptor has produced so much that a mere catalogue is a tribute to his tireless energy. Among miscellaneous sculpture, his portraits should not be lost sight of ; those of himself, his mother, his wife, Rodin, Bistolfi and Madame Errazuriz may be named here.

The Victoria and Albert Museum possesses the marble torso of the hero Strahinic Ban, presented by the Serbian Government from the 1915 exhibition.

Whatever may be the critical judgment on his art, it can be said that Ivan Mestrovic is whole-heartedly a sculptor, a carver rather than a



IVAN MEŠTROVIĆ. *Wood Relief.*

THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS

Ivan Mestrovic

modeller, and that in aspiring to the heavens, he does so knowing that his inspiration is firmly rooted in earth.

Those who would estimate the diverse elements which have contributed to the making of such an artist, will find in the study of Balkan history and archæology, as well as in the actual circumstances of his life, much to help them and the qualities of the work itself, sprung from the soil of southern Europe, may impel some to re-examine sculptural activity in all its phases from earliest times to the present and help to bridge that gulf which too often separates the archæologist and the student of modern art.

POSTSCRIPT.

Toma Rosandic to whom, as well as to the Croat painter Mirko Racki, a separate room was devoted at the recent Serbo-Croat Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries is a Dalmatian, a few years older than Mestrovic with whom he has been associated on several occasions and by whose art he has been much influenced.

Both were exhibitors at the first Dalmatian Art Exhibition, held at Spalato in 1908, and a work, "The Musician," shewn there by Rosandic, was illustrated in the London *Studio* for March, 1909. The artist assisted Mestrovic in the sculptural decoration of that impressive room devoted to "Marko Kraljevic," in the Serbian Pavilion at Rome in 1911.

Rosandic's debt to his younger compatriot was apparent in many of the exhibits at the Grafton Galleries, but if he has not the driving force of Mestrovic, he does possess very individual feeling in some of the wooden reliefs, and the carved head of a man with open mouth and thick hair (No. 31) was all his own, a remark which may be applied to the study of a head, apparently in granite, illustrated (with portions of the Rome work) in *Die Kunst für Alle* for November, 1911.

NOTES ON IVAN MEŠTROVIĆ

SOME EXHIBITION DATES: 1904, Belgrade; 1905, Agram; 1907, Venice; 1908, Spalato; 1909, Paris; 1910, Vienna and Agram (1); 1911, Rome; 1912, Belgrade; 1914, Venice (2); 1915, London (3); 1917, London (4).

Catalogues contain articles by the following: (1) I. Vojnovic and A. Milcinovic; (2) M. Lago; (3) J. Bone and R. W. Seton-Watson; (4) C. Aitken and R. W. Seton-Watson.

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